AUM

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. X NOVEMBER 1939 No. 11

A MESSENGER OF PEACE

Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan has rendered a great service to humanity in editing "essays and reflections on the life and work" of Gandhiji by numerous important thinkers. Sir Radhakrishnan himself opens the volume with a masterly introduction, the value of which, let us hope, will not be lost, especially on the youth of India. *Mahatma Gandhi* is published by George Allen and Unwin (7*s*. 6*d*. or Rs. 5/10), and the book is to be presented to Gandhiji on his seventieth birthday which falls on the 2nd of October 1939.

The value of the book to Gandhiji himself will lie in the satisfaction he must feel in the knowledge that his ideas and his methods of *Satyagraha* have gained such widespread acceptance in East and West alike. The world knows that in India he has literally millions of followers belonging to every creed and community. THE ARYAN PATH is aware that Gandhiji's following in the West is not negligible and that it is speedily growing. This work testifies once again to a fact which augurs well for the Occidental civilization which is destroying itself by an indulgence in hatred manifesting itself as war.

The message of the book is of vital importance to European humanity, and we hope that all lovers of peace and all peace societies and organizations will seize the opportunity to put this volume into the widest circulation, and that immediately. We are in the midst of war, and the war-mentality prevailing in the world can itself be used as a means to awaken the human conscience, to prepare the mind to grapple with the problems of peace when the time comes. Even now, if reports can be believed, there is a growing repugnance towards war among the German masses who have suffered martial tyranny for some time past and are now suffering from their own sin of lapsing into a

slave-mentality. The British and the French peoples feel that for them no course was left but to wage war. The masses everywhere are against war and have begun to feel that peace can never be born of war, but they have still to be taught that at the peace table real and lasting peace can be produced by a courageous acknowledgment of past blunders and an equally courageous handling of the common problems of an indivisible humanity.

No more than the war of 1914-18 will this war destroy autocracy and militarism ; but the negotiations carried on when the carnage is over may through their methods, their aims and their achievements bring to our sorrowing star a lasting peace. Such peace will not come to humanity while the stupendous implications of the simple words of Gotama Buddha remain unheeded—" If hatred responds to hatred, when and where will hatred end ? " Gandhiji himself, in a statement issued on the 5th of September after the outbreak of the war, states :—

> I am not therefore just now thinking of India's deliverance. It will come, but what will it be worth if England and France fall, or if they come out victorious over Germany ruined and humbled ?

War as war will settle nothing ; the victors in this war may lose their victory through a false philosophical attitude befogging their moral perception. Professor Hocking of Harvard University in his contribution on " Freedom and Belonging " says that "democracy falters because reflection robs it of the services of those who might best bear its burdens." Educated men, he states, will not belong "to a political party, since they are all tainted with stupidity and self-interest ". Such individuals will be heartened and inspired by this book to do their duty by humanity.

Humanity's thinkers, among whom are many of the contributors to this volume, have to educate the captains and the generals, the politicians and the armament manufacturers, the statesmen and the educationists, so that they realize how Britain and France and their allies lost the last war through the moral blunder of Versailles. Sir Radhakrishnan says :—

> Our trouble is that society in all countries is in the hands of people who believe in war as an instrument of policy and think of progress in terms of conquest.

We confidently hope that this book will have a widespread and deepening influence. Its power to achieve good is greater to-day when rivers of blood have begun to flow than it would have been if armed neutrality passed off as peace had continued to prevail in the world. Not the voice of armament makers but of agriculturists, not of soldiers but of statesmen, not of diplomats but of truth seekers, not of politicians but of philosophers should prevail when the bomber has descended and the guns have ceased to boom.

13th September, 1939.

JAPANESE INFLUENCE ON WESTERN LIFE

A FEW ASPECTS

[Shio Sakanishi of the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C., has fine opportunities to cement the cultural relationship between his native land of Japan and the United States of America. His article brings out a point often missed by the Occidental, namely, that art in the Orient has a philosophical and a mystical aspect arising out of the deep conviction that Nature is a living whole and that all its component parts are linked in indissoluble intimacy affecting each other.—EDS.]

Too much is being written about the Orient nowadays, and one is astonished at the certainties and the absurdities of many writers. I do not for a moment minimize the difficulties of gaining an accurate understanding of the East. To begin with, there is the matter of words : even the most familiar words when applied to Oriental matters often change in meaning, and superficially good equivalents give false impressions. Even under the most favourable circumstances it is not easy to transfer an idea from one medium to another without damage in transit, and in the case of Oriental ideas most of them perish in the process.

Why, then, do I try to write ? The title assigned to me by the Editors is too wide in scope for the brief notes that follow. My excuse is that I am tired of obscure generalities. Mine will be merely some small pieces of evidence gleaned by one who has spent years in the United States and who feels a deep sympathy for the two widely separated cultures.

Looking at the problem historically, we find that, though the relation between the East and the West goes back to antiquity, real intellectual contact was established only in the eighteenth century when the Orient declared its affinity with the Occident. Leibniz proposed to organize a society to facilitate the interchange of civilization between China and Europe. Wolff was driven out of his country in 1721 because he exalted Chinese virtue and wisdom. Soon the reaction set in, and I need only recall how the newly introduced cult of the East suffered at the hands of Voltaire and the other Encyclopædists.

Notwithstanding such vicissitudes, the importance of closer contact between East and West and the necessity for a deeper cultural understanding have been stressed by small groups of thinkers and students of the Orient. In more recent years, spurred on by the pessimistic post-war jargon of the " decline of the West ", the thoughts of a wider public have turned once more to the East, which some of them have called " the rising place of the spiritual sun ", or " the birthplace of man ". Caught up in the confusion of a mechanical age and troubled by social and economic upheavals, they began to seek a refuge where their soul could find peace and comfort and paid an exaggerated compliment to the wisdom and the tranquillity of the Orient. Echoing this sentiment some Orientals voiced their con-

fidence that " the everlasting light would once more shine forth in the East ".

Turning from such oracular utterances, let us search for the more concrete evidences of Oriental influence in the fields of art and of literature. During the last fifty years such Oriental art as has influenced the Western mind first came to be seriously appreciated through the art of Japan. But since the days when de Goncourt and Whistler sang the praises of Hokusai and Utamaro, the art of China, of India and of the Near East has opened up a whole new world and Japanese art has lost some of its first prestige. This is primarily due to ignorance of what Japan really achieved, although scholars and enthusiasts with a knowledge of the older and greater art did their best to correct the notion that only the eighteenth century mattered. Nevertheless, the colour prints which are disparaged at home are still most popular among the Westerners, because they are so rich in colour, enchanting in design and abundant in human interest.

In 1880 Basil Hall Chamberlain introduced to the English-speaking public translations of the Japanese classical *tanka* with its thirty-one syllables and the more modern *haiku* of seventeen syllables. This was soon followed by a series of translations of Japanese poetry in French which attracted the attention of the Imagists whose ideal was to free the verse-form from convention, to give symbolic value to their images and to suppress undue personal emotion. The clarity of outline and of image, the extreme brevity and the power of suggestion in Japanese poetry proved their inspiration. Dissatisfied with English poetry as it was then written, F. S. Flint, T. E. Hulme, Ezra Pound and others proposed to replace it by the Japanese poetic form and wrote dozens of *haiku* as an amusement. Hulme especially, who was a philosopher as well as a poet, appreciated the vigorous mental discipline which the Japanese poets imposed on themselves in order to record accurately their sense experiences. Only by a concentrated effort of the mind can a poet distil these sensations into pure poetry, which in turn must give birth to a train of other poetic thoughts.

The first poet who actually experimented with the five-line form of the *tanka* was Adelaide Crapsey. Her *cinquain,* which began to appear in the summer of 1909, was the result of her study of William Porter's translation of an old Japanese anthology entitled *Hyaku-nin Isshu* or " One Hundred Poems by One Hundred Poets ", which had appeared earlier in that year. The clarity and sharpness of the imagery and the restrained melancholy of the Japanese *haiku* are echoed in her *cinquain.* For example, Miss Crapsey's poem,

> Well and
> If day on day
> Follows, and weary year
> On year..and every day and year..
> Well ?

reminds one strongly of Onotsura's *haiku,*

> Days and years spread their beauty..and
> We watch them..and
> The flowers turn and fade..and

John Gould Fletcher's *Japanese Prints,* which was published in 1918, was the outcome of his interest in and admiration for Japanese poetry and colour prints. In the preface he urges

that Occidental poets should follow the spirit rather than the form of Japanese poetry. Amy Lowell, who admired Fletcher's poems, published in the following year *Pictures of the Floating World*, a collection of poems on Oriental themes. The title itself was of course taken from the generic name given to the popular colour prints which depict the world of fleeting pleasures, and, as Glenn Hughes writes, " Miss Lowell succeeds admirably in attaining the compression as well as the psychological values of her models ". Ezra Pound's *Cathay*, published in 1915, and his rendering of the classical *No* drama from Fenollosa's notes were also significant. In fact a majority of the Imagists manifested an unusual interest in the poetry and painting of the Orient and found inspiration in them. Although, strictly speaking, their movement came to an end in 1917, their influence can be traced in the more vital and intellectual poetry of T. S. Eliot and other post-war poets of both England and America.

I have mentioned the publication of the *No* plays which were translated originally by Fenollosa and completed by Ezra Pound in 1916 with an introduction by Yeats. Yeats at the time was experimenting with dramatic forms in his effort to establish the Irish national drama. When one of his plays was acted by a student of the Japanese *No* dance without stage-setting or lighting, he was tremendously impressed by the expressive quality and emotional intensity of the performance. It is the dramatic form from which the so-called stage manner is most completely excluded. Since both expression and movement are reduced to a minimum, it is impossible to create on the stage an elemental beauty unless one has an elemental sensation and a genuine emotion. The dancer of *No* plays recedes from his audience, but that distance or separation is at the same time intimate and binding. " He recedes ", writes Yeats, " but to inhabit, as it were, the deeps of the mind." Indeed, the masks, the chorus, the rhythmic pause at moments of intensity all give beauty and emotional subtlety which the Western stage has lacked, and Yeats wrote that it was now time to copy the East and to live deliberately.

Japanese influence on Western poetry, painting and drama, though significant, has always been confined to a small circle of intellectuals, but, in the appreciation of flowers, men and women in every walk of life were brought into closer contact with the Orient. As early as 1885, with an architect's eye for linear effect and proportion, Josiah Conder saw beauty and infinite possibility in Japanese floral arrangements, and in 1889 he published the first complete treatise entitled *The Theory of Japanese Flower Arrangement*. Since then innumerable books and articles have been written on the subject, and to-day no flower show sponsored by a garden club in America fails to have a few arrangements after the Japanese style. In fact linear composition rather than the massing of colours seems to be the key-note of modern floral decorations.

Before entering upon a discussion of the art of flower arrangement which has influenced American inter-

ior decoration, it would be well to refer to the differences which exist between the arts of the East and of the West. First, the arts of the East emphasize the traditional and the normal, whereas those of the West stress the variable and the individualistic. In the East certain traditions and practices are often handed down from one generation to another, from father to son or from master to pupil. There is rather a definite attempt to approximate to a canon of perfection than a conscious exploitation of personality. Secondly, Asian art is born of a specific human need. Hence there is no clear distinction between the fine and applied, or the useful and useless, arts. Every Oriental object now exhibited in Western museums as a priceless art treasure was designed for a specific purpose. For example, the sixteenth-century screen now in a glass case in a museum was once used by a Japanese family to shut out the draught. Chinese bronze vases of the pre-Christian era were used in everyday religious ceremonies.

The problem of our study of the Asiatic arts thus removes itself from the immediate field of art to that of general culture. One must understand the needs, aims and view-point of the original makers. Especially is this true of the art of flower arrangement. Prince Shotoku (572-621), the founder of Japanese Buddhism, was fond of flowers and arranged them in seven vases as an offering to Buddha. Soon the Buddhist teaching that all living things are endowed with the Buddha nature made people reluctant to cut flowers even for the gods. The Empress Komyo in the eighth century wrote :—

> If I pluck you, my hand will defile you,
> O flowers !
> Standing in the meadows as you are,
> I offer you to the Buddha of the past,
> Of the present and of the future.

The secular use of flower arrangement began in the early fourteenth century and was inspired by the tea ceremony, which in turn had been inspired by Zen Buddhism. The Zen emphasizes meditation and holds that all religious enlightenment comes by direct intuitive perception and does not rely on a sacred formula or the grace of the Buddha. The simple and self-reliant character of the new religion appealed to the military class, and such artistic activities as the tea ceremony and flower arrangement were to aid them in discipline and meditation. As Sen no Rikyu, the greatest tea-master of the sixteenth century, defined the cult of flowers, it is ethics, for it defines men's relation to their fellow men and to nature. It is, in addition, economics, for it shows comfort and beauty in simplicity. It is also hygiene, for it enforces cleanliness and peace of mind and spirit. Finally it is democratic, for peasants, artisans and nobles join together in the worship of flowers.

The Japanese arrangement is simple. The basic principle is the asymmetrical composition of Heaven, Earth and Man. Heaven symbolizes truth ; the Earth, strength ; while Man, placed between the two, is the reconciling principle. Each principle can have one or more subordinates to support it. The flower masters emphasize the importance of understanding the true spirit and the living force of the plants. They

carefully avoid the symmetrical as fatal to the freshness of imagination. Sekishu wrote that white plum blossoms should not be used when there is snow outside. If a flower arrangement is used in a room, then one should not hang a painting of flowers. If a vase is round, the other objects in the room should be angular. The symmetrical signifies completion as well as repetition, and if there is no possibility of growth then there is no life. The arrangement of each flower must be such that a person who views it can complete in his mind what the master has left unsaid. For example, Sekishu once placed some water plants in a flat receptacle to suggest the vegetation of marsh-land and hung on the wall a painting of wild geese flying in the air. A guest felt in the whole composition the breath of waning autumn.

It is unimportant whether the Westerners who have taken up the Japanese flower arrangement have mastered all the philosophic implications and the spiritual discipline which the Japanese have worked out through centuries of practice. What they have learned is a simple creed of æsthetics in balance and harmony without repetition, an eloquent simplicity in interior decoration or personal adornment, and above all that spiritual peace which nothing can disturb or steal from us. Unconsciously the Westerners are learning the Oriental philosophy of life, not in so many rules and regulations, but through experience. With not a colour to disturb the tone of a room, not a sound to mar the rhythm of things and not a gesture to disturb life's harmony—so can life's activities be performed simply and naturally.

SHIO SAKANISHI

Rich folk come to buy flowers
In the market of Ch'ang An.
They pay coins without number
For a single branch or spray.
Yet a beggar wanders starving
Through the streets of rich Ch'ang An,
And not a single penny will they give.

—TSUNG CH'ÊN

ALCOHOL AND PROSTITUTION

[Dr. Courtenay C. Weeks, who is a recognized authority on the subject of drink and its attendant evils, is Vice-President of the International Temperance Union. In the following article he shows clearly how closely connected are the various forms of vice, and how the lack of control which comes with addiction to alcohol leads directly to a general weakening of the moral character.—EDS.]

During the past few years Prostitution in its public as well as in its amateur or clandestine character has been investigated by a number of authorities and preëminently by the experts and commissioners appointed by the League of Nations, who made exhaustive reports in 1927 and in 1932 on the "Traffic in women and children" covering Europe and the East.

The experts had a unique opportunity and a very wide field in 28 European countries and 112 cities, having personal interviews with 6,500 persons of whom 5,000 were in direct touch with the "underworld" or "ring" intimately associated with the whole ghastly business. The Commissioners toured the East from Port Said through India, Burma, Malay, China to Tokio and Harbin, and throughout were in close official contact with Government authorities and with many non-official but quite responsible agencies.

The net result, so far as our theme is concerned, is that these experts agree with world-wide social experience that *there is the closest association between alcoholic beverages and prostitution of all degrees throughout the world.*

Why is this so? What are the causes of prostitution? What is the action of alcohol which enables it to hand over the passport to prostitution?

Before attempting a brief reply to these questions let us note some statements. The League report states:—

> The evidence points especially to the unrestrained sale of alcohol as one of the causes which have a direct bearing on commercialized prostitution and on the international traffic. We feel it our duty to point out that there is an intimate relation between the abuse of liquor and the worst aspects of commercialized prostitution. In the vice-districts, in saloons, cabarets, music-halls and other places frequented by women for purposes of prostitution, the inevitable preliminary is a "drink"....Liquor is served by "barmaids" who are in reality prostitutes.... Women are freely employed to push the sale of liquor to customers until intoxication removes any last vestige of self-control.

In a thesis for the University of Liverpool ("Prostitution—A Survey and a Challenge") Gladys M. Hall says:—

> Alcoholism and prostitution have long been closely associated. As an element in the development of promiscuity drink plays indeed a twofold part. The prelude to her first sex adventure is, very frequently, the partial intoxication of the girl. Taken when off her guard, possibly scarcely remembering what took place, she passes through the experience which may lead to her adoption of prostitution. The taking of the first step, even under circumstances depriving her of rational decisions, does seem in many cases to lead to a sort of fatalism, or a desperate

feeling that by that one act her future has been decided, whether by her own act or not...As the accompaniment to the process of obtaining custom, drink is indispensable to a vast number of prostitutes. Many of them drink cocktails and port wine deliberately knowing what will follow. They drink to work themselves up to it, to enable them to go through with it.

The Austrian proverb "When Bacchus fires, Venus stands behind the flames" is indeed true, and the truth may account for the notice recently displayed in a fashionable Spanish seaside resort: "Spanish women! You have just passed through the perils of a bloody Civil War. Beware now of the dangers of peace. In particular beware of the cocktail and the one-piece bathing suit."

The Alcohol Administrator in the United States of America has affirmed that 1920 (when "prohibition" was really prohibiting) was the nearest approach to the millennium they have ever seen. Certainly there was a marked diminution in commercialized vice. The proximity of a brothel and the presence of a "professional" in a saloon or on the streets had been a constant inducement to those who might otherwise have abstained, especially to those under the influence of drink. With the closure of the saloon and the removal of drink, one avenue of approach to men was definitely blocked, and one incentive to wrong-doing removed.

We do not claim that all virtue is embosomed in total abstainers or that they never go astray. We simply state a fact of international experience and significance, that the liquor traffic is the world-wide buttress and support of the traffic in women and children, that drink and prostitution go hand in hand.

It is surely a striking fact that since 1900-1909 in England and Wales, for example, the marked decline in drunkenness and the consumption of alcoholic beverages has been attended by a great decline in prostitution. In 1900-1909, the annual average number of convictions for offences by prostitutes was 10,598 and for brothel-keeping and living on prostitutes' earnings 1,662, together equal to 364 per million of the population. In 1933-1937, with nearly 50 per cent decrease in alcoholic consumption, the convictions were 3,305 and 466, together equal to 79 per million. In the two periods the annual average convictions for drunkenness were 5,116 and 1,140 per million respectively.

Without attempting any defence of the amateur or clandestine prostitution which may in some measure have taken its place, there can be no doubt that the mitigation of these aspects of commercialized vice has removed a virulent source of moral and physical infection of the Commonwealth.

What are the causes of Prostitution? They may be divided into: (*a*) those due to inborn characteristics (endogenous)—the mental and physical "make-up" of the individual, the result of his or her genetic relation to the past, *i.e.*, heredity or nature, (*b*) those conditions which are the result of environment (exogenous), due to education, etc., *i.e.*, nurture, and (*c*) the use the individual makes of his or her own life and opportunity.

For descriptive purposes these may be separated, but let it be stressed that these three groups always work together, acting and reacting upon each other. No hereditary traits or instinctive impulses or environmental conditions can be fully expressed or operative in isolation ; they must be linked together by the personal activity of the individual.

Prostitution or promiscuity, like every other expression of biological activity, is always the result of a trinitarian co-operation between the individual's use of life, heredity and environment. The more we can eliminate the disorder produced by drink, the greater will be the harmony achieved.

With regard to endogenous factors, the primary and of course essential element is the impulse of the " sex-instinct " and the pleasure associated with its gratification, which differs in intensity in different men and women. There is no doubt that among those who become professional prostitutes the sex-appetite is often abnormally strong ; they have, as has been said, " *le goût pour l'homme* ".

A man or woman may be " strong-sexed " as well as " strong-willed ". Closely allied to this fundamental instinct is the fact that a large number of professionals are recruited from a submerged mass of human life, found in our great cities and to a smaller extent in rural areas, " human derelicts " constituting the " Social Problem Group ". It is a heterogeneous group often closely intermarried, in which there is an undue proportion of paupers, drunkards, criminals, prostitutes and mental defectives of varying grades, a group of social misfits, marked by low intelligence, weak will power and emotional instability. It is difficult if not impossible to say whether this mass of " broken earthenware " is the result of drink or a cause of drink—probably it is both—the whole picture of drink, crime, unemployability, mental defect and prostitution forming a closely interlocked and interwoven network, in which it seems well-nigh impossible to separate cause from effect and *vice versa*.

There is no doubt that alcohol taken in excess may damage the germ-cells (blastophthoria) and produce enduring modifications in succeeding generations. These modifications may appear as weakened ability to control desire, or as an unstable temperamental make-up which, though far short of definite mental defectiveness or feeble-mindedness, may be an underlying cause of prostitution, as recognised by great specialists like Forel, Bianchi, Ianzi, Blealer, Clouston and others.

Alcohol may in many ways prepare the soil for the growth and development of sexual irregularity of all degrees. Mental defect is often present. At the same time, there is grave danger that the claim of mental defect may be overstressed. There is a great need to recognize such a thing as will, to recognize that there are moral obligations, or that there is the awful compulsion to think which men call conscience—the Divine Within—which may be wilfully silenced, ignored or side-tracked. There is such a thing as personal responsibility ; if not, then human life loses at once its glory and its worth-whileness.

The environmental (exogenous)

factors are very diverse. As C. Narayana Menon said in the July issue of THE ARYAN PATH, " Cramping environment breeds the illusion of liberation through free love, just as men hope to remove drunkenness by the free supply of drink and the perpetuation of the environment which generates the craving for drink." Cramping environment may mean :—

(*a*) Those conditions which, on the one hand, lower the value and dignity of personality and normal self-respect and, on the other hand, play into the schemes of those who desire to exploit sex-experience—social and economic conditions, vicious home-life, ill-disciplined childhood, poverty, overcrowding, with the inevitable mental trauma which these produce. With these we couple loneliness, the craving for social intercourse, for there is no loneliness like that which may be experienced in a large business house or on the crowded highways of a city.

(*b*) There are conditions which foster sex-excitement—pictures, pornographic literature and the false value attached to luxury, alcohol and sex-irregularity in so many films, plays or novels.

(*c*) The mental, moral and traditional atmosphere of the age plays a large part. Throughout human history prostitution has been a fact, whether condoned or condemned officially through the impact of legal, religious or social forces.

Even to-day, in spite of all that expert scientists and practical experience have proved, there is a widespread belief that sexual experience is necessary for men. Consequently, a social class is recognized which meets the need, although it is pharisaically excluded from the circles where its patrons are welcomed. To-day the cry is for self-expression, self-determination, sex-equality and for so-called " freedom ".

Perverted, one-sided ideas of sex and the atmosphere which fosters sex-expression have been impulsed and coloured by much of the psycho-pathological teaching of Freud and his school, aided and abetted by " contraceptionists " whose teaching has only too often proved an aid to the abuse of sexual privilege and power.

I do not think that poverty, a vicious home, sex-appetite, or mental defect or drink can be said to be *the cause of prostitution.* It is always the expression of a constellation of circumstances and desires. Alcohol just gives those circumstances and cravings the opportunity to operate. It excites the grey matter (in the basal ganglia) at the base of the brain, which is intimately connected with desires of all kinds. Normally these are brought into the light of judgment and discrimination and then controlled and directed through the instrumentality of the neopallium or upper cortical layers of the brain. The first and constant action of alcohol is more or less to numb these higher levels and open the floodgates of desire to uncontrolled and uncensored action. Judgment impaired—desire inflamed ! Truly a two-edged sword ! Under the influence of drink, the individual loses conspicuous elements of self-control, becomes " an altered individual " and altered in the direction of a dethronement of what should be the crown of human life. An octogenarian physician

said : " The charm of alcohol is that it blurs moral twinges ! "

Surely these facts must strengthen the hands of all who are seeking to remove the temptations to drink from the pathway of young India. There can be no Universal Brotherhood, no true culture of nobility, no true progress along the Noble Path in the service of Humanity, whilst the essential dethronement of manhood has as its necessary counterpart the utter degradation of womanhood.

COURTENAY C. WEEKS

Founded upon the soundest of all principles of relief, that of helping the individual to help himself, the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives represent one of the most hopeful features of Chinese resistance to imperialist aggression. Seven months after the plan for them was launched in August 1938 there were over a thousand such groups registered and they are spreading rapidly throughout the country. The illustrated reports of their varied activities, sent out by their Hongkong Promotion Committee (P. O. Box 222, Hongkong) with an appeal for financial support to this nation-saving enterprise, are full of interest and of promise.

The tremendous number of refugees, recently estimated at sixty million, as well as disabled soldiers and families bereaved by the war, are among those whom this development is designed especially to serve, though the country as a whole will share in the anticipated benefits. The industrial co-operatives should contribute substantially to national morale by sustaining these groups and avoiding the disruption of national economy which is threatened by the imposition upon the rural population of the burden of their maintenance. They are expected also to keep up the morale of the people by making available the essential manufactured goods of daily use. They are deserving of encouragement.

The ideology underlying co-operation is sound, and the more widely it is applied, the better for the world. Implicit in it is the recognition of the fact of human solidarity. " Each for all and all for each " has proved its efficacy within the co-operative group ; it needs to be recognized as a formula for the practical application of Universal Brotherhood. It is applicable with profit to any group, from the co-operative, industrial or other, to the nation, but it cannot find its full beneficent scope in any group smaller than the human family.

E. M. H.

GURU NANAK AND WORLD PEACE*

[This article by **Charanjit Singh Bindra, M.A., LL.B.,** Professor at Khalsa College, Amritsar, on Guru Nanak's ideas gives one more instance of the striking similarity between the teachings of great sages in every clime and of every era. Some of the sayings of Guru Nanak on *Ahimsa,* as quoted by the author, are almost identical, even in form, with, let us say, those of the Buddha in the past and of Gandhiji in the present. Let the reader compare them with the following from the Buddha :—

" ' He abused me, beat me, vanquished me, robbed me,'—those in whom such thoughts find refuge will never still their wrath." *Dhammapada* I, 3.

" Victory over oneself is indeed better than victory over others. . ." *Dhammapada* VIII, 104.

" Though one should in battle conquer a thousand men a thousand times, he who conquers himself has the more glorious victory." *Dhammapada* VIII, 103.

Turning to *The Gandhi Sutras* we read :—

" Non-violence is the highest Law." (10)
" Love is indeed the highest form of non-violence." (21)
" Love is the only remedy for hate." (25)—EDS.]

" Gas masks mouldering in cupboards, half-finished trenches waterlogged and crumbling in parks are all that is left to remind Londoners of the pathetically inadequate air raid precautions. . ." And the editors of *The New Statesman and Nation* fondly ask if trenches are to be regarded as a prime factor in civilian protection. Must man, creation's crown, with his immortal soul, crawl like a beetle into a hole ? Must all his philosophic thought and all his science come but to this derogatory Nemesis ? Is that all the heritage of our civilization ?

To fight is a tendency ingrained in man, the students of human nature point out. The biologists corroborate them with their evidence of the struggle for existence in every phase of life, adding that it is the fittest who survive. The rejoinder from the man of the world is that the " fittest " is seldom the best or the noblest. Fortunately in the plane of spiritual values all is different. This is what saves the race from degenerating into an amoral existence, from burrowing underground.

Hoping for a peace dividend the nations in the West are investing fabulous fortunes in armaments. To be ever ready for war seems to them to be the only guarantee against it. The sages in the East, however, have at all times sought to remove the menace of war by transmuting the truculent proclivities of man into spiritual action. Not long ago India herself was in the grip of raiding conquerors who threatened to annihilate her civilization, even as Europe is threatened to-day by the newly forged weapons of war. All physical force failed to be of any avail. At that time a sage arose to set up a new tradition which would deliver the

* This article was written before the outbreak of hostilities in Europe.—EDS.

world from the shackles of slavery and establish the Kingdom of Truth and Righteousness. In virtue of the potency of his message, that sage, Guru Nanak, will go down in the annals of human history as a saviour of mankind ; for peace is the essential outcome of his ideology.

It appears to have been the cardinal point of his philosophy that man can be saved only by the strength which comes of conquering himself. The personality or self of the individual is the real citadel of the race, and that is what most needs fortifying. In a beautiful metaphor the Guru has explained this process of fortifying the self :—

Servitude to contentment thy earrings be ;
Hard labour, thy beggar's bowl ;
And smear thyself with the dust of holy meditation.
Like thy overall, considerations of death be ever present with thee ;
Thy ego be as virtuous as a virgin's ;
And the customs of thy people, thy supporting staff.
Thy noblest ideal, no less than the highest of Jogis,
Be to accept all men as thy equals ; and remember
That he who conquers self, conquers the world.

(*Japji* XXVIII)

The guarantee for peace, both political and of the soul, lies not in conquering and disarming others but in conquering one's own self and in accepting all fellow men as one's equals. Much of the virus of hatred that consumes the race to-day would become innocuous if the leaders of peoples adopted this message of the Guru as their guiding-star. The path of enlightenment and of truth does not lie in mere pious protestations but in the development of certain definite virtues of character and of conduct. Honest hard work accompanied by contentment and mellowed by thought makes one's life both holy and pure. Further, it is not a life of passivity that is urged. The individual is not to shrink from action. Even passive resistance must be active in practice. That is the first requisite for the conquest of self. The Sikh, the true follower of the Guru, must always be prepared, must fulfil his duty, and must not lead a life of mystic deliberation without action; for it has been said that all worship or devotion is of no significance or value if a man does not live up to his ideals.

Viṇṛ guṇṛ kite bhagat na hoe.

(*Japji* XXI)

The Guru has made contentment and reflection necessary adjuncts to activity, so that the last may not be directed exclusively against external forces. The Khalsa is to fight, but not against men. He is to be always fighting against himself, against all that is wicked in human nature, so that he may master the tyrant in him, as Bertrand Russell would say. Indeed "there is no hope for the world unless power can be tamed and brought into the service, not of this or that group of fanatical tyrants, but of the whole human race."

But a man's interests are not to be centred on himself. He should maintain the necessary detachment from his surroundings. Identification of oneself with one's surroundings makes it impossible to take the broader view of things and to look with sympathy on incidents that are not related to oneself.

And unless this habit of self-projection is acquired, all efforts to conquer oneself will be futile. Nothing can better emphasise this detachment than the realization that death overtakes all the results of human effort. It is only the one who is strengthened by this impersonal attitude who can respond with a cheerful countenance to the call of duty under all circumstances. Particular stress is, therefore, laid on living a normal life, though it should be characterised by a strong sense of detachment.

That we shall cease to be is no ground for pandering to the senses. Ever-present premonitions of death should lead rather to purity of soul, and thus make it easier for a man to tread the path of duty. This path of human duty is defined by the *jugat*, the consensus of world opinion as made explicit in ancient customs and precedents. That alone can be the criterion for all morality and for all action. What actually is the Divine Will, it is beyond us to know :—

> All is by the Will divine, but none may say what that Will is.
> (*Japji* II)

Having thus taken his cue from his own conscience and the *Sangat* (social group), a Sikh must march on the path of duty undaunted by the opposing forces. He must not allow himself to be distracted by constant questionings. That is the significance of faith : to make of man a true soldier on the path of duty. For this very reason the emphasis is laid on the acquisition of personal virtues, for these alone make the higher life possible. Contentment, forethought, ever-present presentiments of death and an unsophisticated nature guided by usage from times immemorial are the unfailing guarantees of right action.

By making right action the fundamental basis for even spiritual life, great possibilities have been opened up for the soul. The search for God is to be but obedience to His commands. The Guru has stated the proposition in the first verse of the *Japji*:—

> When no meditation can avail,
> Though one make a million attempts ;
> When quiet concentration cannot aid,
> Though one forget all but Him;
> When no satisfaction can come
> through hungering,
> Though one acquire the Regions three;
> Even when all wisdom of the wise
> does fail;
> How can one win grace with Him
> And rend the veil of ignorance?
> But keep His commands, O Nanak,
> As is ordained for man.

This makes spiritual beatitude subservient to personal virtue. In other words, all the spiritual forces are to be harnessed for the development of the individual character.

The doubly strengthened individuality of man is not to go unrestrained. Special care is enjoined to control the five emotions that lead man astray—lust, anger, greed, fondness and pride. Mastery over these is the first step towards spiritual life. Herein lies the great triumph of man over all that is weak in him. The peace of the world would not now be hanging by a straw if the leaders of the race had learnt this lesson and had incorporated it in their lives. What we actually find is that their

pride of possession, their self-conceit and their anger when their ambitions are thwarted hold sway over them and are causing perpetual sabre-rattling. The dismemberment of Czechoslovakia would not have been accomplished if the individual had come into his own inheritance of spiritual strength. It is only the strength of the individual as such that can stand against the depredations of the tyrant in man. That alone can create an effective world opinion ; that alone can be a dependable basis for world peace.

It does not need to be explained that a life of obedience to the above-mentioned commandments must essentially be harmless. Strength and harmlessness are by no means mutually exclusive. The criterion for real strength is a spirit of non-aggression which must be born of fearlessness. No genuine fearlessness is possible unless it is based on harmlessness. That is the secret of strengthening the individual, the redoubtable citadel of every nation. Great prominence is given by the Guru to this ideal of harmlessness based on fearlessness. When the qualities of the Paramount Personality are enumerated in the statement of the fundamentals at the commencement of the holy Granth, absence of enmity and ill will is placed in close juxtaposition to fearlessness—*Nir bhao nir ver*. The ideal placed before the Sikh is:—Caress the feet even of those who beat thee with fisticuffs, conquer with love even those who do evil to thee. And conquered they shall be if the individuality is strong enough, fearless enough, harmless enough. Here is a lesson in the supreme sacrifice of self.

Such a code makes possible a new relationship between man and man. Aware of the goodness in every individual, we address ourselves to that spark of the eternal Light in him and seek to help it to manifest in nobility of action. The virtue of the individual, tempered in the furnace of *Sadh-sangat* (Good Company) rules out all possibility of oppression. It can create a world opinion strong enough to provide a tangible basis for collective security. It is the only dependable guarantee against the abuse of power. By making the individual both fearless and harmless, it will do more, it will remove the occasion for war!

CHARANJIT SINGH BINDRA

STUDIES IN SHELLEY

II.—HIS POETRY

[This is the second of a series of three articles by **Miss Katherine Merrill**; the first, dealing with the poet's background, was published last month; the last, on Shelley's prose, will appear in our next issue.—EDS.]

French and English philosophers just preceding the time of Shelley emphasized very definite conceptions of political and religious liberty. These conceptions were also Shelley's, and were not just his borrowings from others. The ideal of the inner redemption of mankind through mental and spiritual changes, the hope of the disappearance of outward evils also under the beneficent operation of Freedom, Brotherhood and equal rights—man, abstract yet concrete, "king over himself, gentle, just and wise",[1] freed in body, mind and soul—these ideals and hopes form Shelley's own greatest themes, drawn from the depths of his true and independent self. And they are the basis of many of his greatest poems, including *Queen Mab, The Revolt of Islam, Hellas,* several odes and *Prometheus Unbound.*

Most of these assume a narrative form, using spirits and humanized figures to embody concepts of men and also abstract ideas. He delighted to make sharp contrasts, picturing man in slavery to despotic governments and religions, and then man free from such despotism. This pair of opposites caught his leaping imagination and his eager desire for victorious results. Yet, in spite of his avid wish, he faced the fact of slow growth. *The Revolt of Islam,* for instance, is a long-drawn struggle toward victory with many temporary successes and failures. Even in *Queen Mab,* the earliest of these poems (and—note well!—the one richest in hints of Theosophy), there are clear statements that the "paths of an aspiring change" are "gradual" (Part IX). Despite his excessive fluency in idea and phrase, his pictures in these various poems of the two extremes successfully embody convincing facts and great prophetic truths. His attacks on kings and monarchy, God, priests and other matter of religions, may seem ruthless; but his pæans of joy over humanity self-redeemed from these evils, individually released and glorified, balance and justify his unsparing attacks.

In the *Ode to Liberty* he cried:—

> Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
> Of King into the dust!....
> Oh, that the wise from their bright minds would kindle
> Such lamps within the dome of this dim world,
> That the pale name of Priest might shrink and dwindle
> Into the hell from which it first was hurled!

In *Queen Mab* appears this:—

> ....The name of God
> Has fenced about all crime with holiness,
> Himself the creature of his worshippers,
> ....the omnipotent fiend....

Part III includes this summary:—

> Where Socrates expired, a tyrant's slave,

[1] *Prometheus Unbound,* Act II.

A coward and a fool, spreads death around—
Then, shuddering, meets his own.
Where Cicero and Antoninus lived,
A cowled and hypocritical monk
Prays, curses and deceives.

Part III contains an extended picture of the degradation of king and court sometimes actually found :—

The King,.....the fool
Whom courtiers nickname monarch, whilst a slave
Even to the basest appetites.....
Those gilded flies
That, basking in the sunshine of a court,
Fatten on its corruption! what are they?—
The drones of the community.

This same passage moves on to the final victory of the right :—

....kingly glare
Will lose its power to dazzle; its authority
Will silently pass by;....whilst falsehood's trade
Shall be as hateful and unprofitable
As that of truth is now.

The Revolt of Islam again presents the contrast and the victory:—

Kind thoughts, and mighty hopes, and gentle deeds
Abound; for fearless love and the pure law
Of mild equality and peace, succeeds
To faiths which long have held the world in awe,
Bloody, and false, and cold.

Changes even in Nature are stated repeatedly in *Prometheus Unbound* :—

....the impalpable thin air
And the all-circling sunlight were transformed,
As if the sense of love, dissolved in them,
Had folded itself round the spherèd world.

The theosophical quality of the very earliest of these humanitarian poems—*Queen Mab*—is impressively illustrated in the hints of the time when the redeemed Earth and the seventh perfect Race are conjoined :—

Earth was no longer hell;
Love, freedom, health had given
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
And all its pulses beat
Symphonious to the planetary spheres;...
The habitable earth is full of bliss;....
All things are recreated, and the flame,
Of consentaneous love inspires all life;...
Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses...
All things are void of terror; man has lost
His terrible prerogative, and stands
An equal amidst equals; happiness
And science dawn, though late, upon the earth.

And in tune with this, the attainment of divine oneness is stated in *Prometheus Unbound* :—

Man, one harmonious soul of many a soul,
Whose nature is its own divine control.

Also the practical human present means are given for this great attainment :—

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This... is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!

Can theosophists reject from their number of high souls the poet who thus follows the line of condemnation given by the Mahatmas and who thus teaches true practice of the Wisdom-Religion at the last Climax of his greatest Song of Humanity?

Besides this noble humanitarian outreach, various metaphysical ideas, also characteristic of Shelley, are genuinely theosophical. They express rather that other Adept purpose to reveal to men more of their unrealized psychical and spiritual nature.

Striking and unexpected, with little contemporary precedent, these ideas sparkle—for a theosophist—like finely cut jewels among a mass of pebbles. Some of them he may have derived from Platonism, early or late ; or they may be the clearest instances in him of soul-remembered knowledge.

Is not that suggested by this little passage, appearing almost casually in *Queen Mab* ?

> .....the stars,
> Which on thy cradle beamed so brightly sweet,
> Were gods to the distempered playfulness
> Of thy untutored infancy.

Untutored indeed—in the ways of Western materialistic science.

A few other examples are chosen from many. The Fairy Mab suggests the fact of astral record when she states (Part I) :—

> .....to me 'tis given
> The wonders of the human world to keep ;
> The secrets of the immeasurable past,...
> The future, from the causes which arise
> In each event....not a sting, not a throb...
> Are unforeseen, unregistered by me.

Similar suggestions of the astral are given in *Prometheus Unbound*:—

> .....those subtle and fair spirits,
> .....who inhabit.....
> Its world-surrounding ether ; they behold
> .....as in a glass,
> The future.

> For know there are two worlds of life and death ;
> One that which thou beholdest ; but the other
> Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
> The shadows of all forms that think and live,...
> Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
> And all that faith creates or love desires,
> Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.

In harmony with these noble psychical passages are the facts that in this same poem messages are conveyed by dreams, by echoing Voices, by flower-petals stamped with words.

Also, the Fairy, representing the poet's liberated mind, looking out where "Below lay stretched the universe...a wilderness of harmony", yet feeling the all-pervading Identity, hence the actual Universal Brotherhood of all and the future Nirvanic Unity, exclaims :—

> Spirit of Nature ! thou
> Life of interminable multitudes ;
> Soul of those mighty spheres
> Whose changeless paths through Heaven's deep silence lie ;
> Soul of that smallest being,
> The dwelling of whose life
> Is one faint April sun-gleam;—
> Man, like these....
> Thy will....fulfilleth ;
> Like theirs, his age of endless peace,
> Which time is fast maturing,
> Will swiftly, surely, come ;
> And the unbounded frame which thou pervadest,
> Will be without a flaw
> Marring its perfect symmetry !

The utmost exalted fusion of man with this Universality and Oneness is in scattered lines through the unforgettable close of *Adonais* :—

> Peace, peace ! he is not dead....
> He has outsoared the shadow of our night ;...
> He is made one with Nature : there is heard
> His voice in all her music....
> He is a presence to be felt and known
> In darkness and in light, from herb and stone
> Spreading itself where'er that Power may move...
> Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
> Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.
> He is a portion of the loveliness
> Which once he made more lovely ;....
> The One remains, the many change and pass ;
> Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity,....
> That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
> That Beauty in which all things work and move,
> That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
> Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love

Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,...
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Critics, though admiring this wonderful passage, yet utterly at a loss to explain it philosophically, call it " pantheism ". And as pantheism is not trusted by the Western world, they forthwith dismiss it with a more or less emphatic shrug. The lines are far too sublime in idea and expression to be a suitable tribute merely to the earthly poet whose name *Adonais* honours—or to any earth-being. The passage is in reality a vision of the liberated human spirit, Man, bearing no name, and freed from " this clogging mould " of the physical-astral-kamic body. Only theosophical philosophy with its doctrines of the identity of Spirit in Man and in Nature, of Manifestation and Pralaya, of Absolute Unity—only this Philosophy can interpret these lines. No one reaches the actual meaning of the last part of *Adonais* who fails to see the identity of the Unnameable One with the Kosmos and with finite man and nature—that Deity which is " in every atom of the visible as of the invisible Cosmos ", which is " the omnipresent, omnipotent and even omniscient creative potentiality "; this as " identical, hence coeval, with Nature, the eternal and uncreate nature ".... the identicalness of this with " the inner man .... the only God we can have cognizance of... that deific essence of which we are cognizant....in our heart and spiritual consciousness " ; and, again, the identicalness of both these with " finite man ".[1]

In none of the passages quoted from these poems is Shelley's thought philosophically connected, fully logicalized ; it constantly swerves from the high line of Truth into ideas incongruous and even disturbing. Hence the necessity of sifting out the jewels. But where in Western literature are there statements implying more of Theosophy than these ?

Whence could the poet have drawn such concepts ? In his life-experience known outwardly, only from Platonism. Yet, clearly, he was not dependent on Platonism. For, besides the deep impact from the past in his own nature, the vital Fire of those noble ideas and truths came as a fresh impartation from the Great Lodge to his age and hence to himself.

Thus, the two chief phases of the Adepts' eighteenth-century effort—namely, the partial disclosing of the inner realities of man and nature and the arousing of the feeling of brotherly union with others—bore some measure of harvest in the many changes that occurred in statecraft, in religion and in literature throughout the West. From leading thinkers of the various countries came a philosophic statement of the Adept Impulsions that was practical and most influential ; and as a literary vehicle for those master-ideas, the work of Shelley was surely one of the noblest in imagination and poetic artistry.

William Q. Judge tells of Beings " who have passed through many

[1] *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, pp. 53, 56.

occult initiations in previous lives, but are now living in circumstances and in bodies that hem them in, as well as for a time make them forget the glorious past....These *obscured adepts*....can be more easily used for the spreading of influences and the carrying out of effects necessary for the preservation of spirituality in this age of darkness."

May not the man called Shelley —misunderstood, reviled, struggling under a load of blunders and sorrows, as a poet too little self-critical and too exuberant, never becoming full master of his excessively fertile mind, yet through all errors ever burning with an unquenched fire of altruism —may he not have been such an Obscured Adept?

The range of adeptship this being must have reached in previous lives cannot be guessed; though perhaps the thick obscurity he laboured through is an indication. For only a high soul could have penetrated such karmic darkness as enveloped Shelley —which must have originated both in past lives and in the present—and yet have brought out into the light such a treasury of spiritual knowledge.

KATHERINE MERRILL

MORAL PRECEPTS

(*Translated from an Egyptian Papyrus in the Louvre*)

Let no bitterness find entrance into the heart of a mother.
Kill not, lest thou shouldst be killed.
Do not make a wicked man thy companion.
Do not act on the advice of a fool.
Build not thy tomb higher than those of thy superiors.
Illtreat not thy inferior, and respect those who are venerable.
Illtreat not thy wife, whose strength is less than thine, but protect her.
Curse not thy Master before the gods, and speak no evil of him.
Save not thy life at the expense of another's.
Sacrifice not thy weaker child to the stronger, but protect him.
Amuse not thyself at the expense of those who depend on thee.
Permit not thy son to get entangled with a married woman.
Build not thy tomb on thine own lands.
Build not thy tomb near a temple.
Pervert not the heart of a man who is pure.
Assume not a proud demeanour.
Mock not a venerable man, for he is thy superior.

PILGRIMS IN UNIFORM

[Bhabani Bhattacharya portrays here the inner conversion of a youth as a result of his contact with simple-minded and unlettered, but not ignorant, folk going on a pilgrimage. Why? Their sincere faith and childlike devotion radiate a beneficent influence. Our Indian masses still retain those heart-qualities, and, although their simplicity is, alas, too often exploited by priest and politician alike, we would rather have them remain simple-hearted than turn them into "intellectual" disbelievers. For although "ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel .... even ignorance is better than Head-learning with no Soul-wisdom to illuminate and guide it." In our efforts to educate the masses we should never overlook the imparting of Soul-wisdom, the "Heart" doctrine.—EDS.]

Bhargava let his calm eyes wander over the wistful faces of the two-score saffron-clad men and dimly smiled to himself at the success of his mission. He had collected his pilgrims, he had found them seats on the wooden bunks of the train. A journey of a night and a day (and night was well under way) would take them to their destination, the far-famed holy city where, at the historic temple of Jagannath, he was a priestly novitiate.

He had started out on his customary annual tour a month before the Car Festival. Far from the little sea-washed city, in the corn lands of Bihar he had collected his band of devotees anxiously awaiting his arrival, and had swelled their number with the watchword: "Oh brothers, rebirth has no reality for those who have glimpsed the Lord on the Car in the month of *Asar*!"

All this was usual. Dozens of temple novitiates travelled beyond far horizons, sounding their common watchword like a drum-call. Peasants' souls were like thirsty rock. Life held no enchantment and the novitiates brought the vision of a new life-philosophy. You could shake off the earth-ties for a while, forget the hungers and the fears and the ever-present emotional strain for ten days of supreme all-effacing bliss when you lived in the flesh, yet were out of it, when you were no longer a peasant but a pilgrim.

Bhargava had a capacity for the unusual. Stirred by the recollection of his all too brief school days when he had seen the older boys in uniform grouped into units of scouts, he had decided to give the pilgrims he led a new individual touch. He made them dye their garments in saffron. The use of this procedure was soon apparent. It roused a certain instinct in the pilgrims that drew them together into a closer circle of brotherhood; and it helped the leader to spot a Saffron-shirt when, in the hustle of a railway platform, he seemed lost.

Now that the train was moving thunder-fast and swallowing the miles with the ruthless jerk of a lizard swallowing worms, and a third of the journey was done, Bhargava could sit at ease and speak to his men of the glories of his holy city and of its deity of deities. He was not a man of knowledge or of learning; he had not read the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*. He knew the words of certain prayer *mantras*, but not their meaning. His

pilgrims would repeat the *mantras* after him, parrot-wise, as they made their offerings of scented flowers and little clay lamps before the Lotus Feet. But their hearts would put their own new meanings into the unknown Sanskrit words. Those words would light up and burn with the oil of the devotees' emotions, thus achieving a purpose never to be attained by a mere intellectual grasp of the text.

A while before the pilgrims had suddenly become unhappy, feeling themselves under a cloud. An English-speaking townsman, one of the few other passengers who shared their compartment, had seemed to laugh at their ignorance. Bhargava was speaking of the solace that religion brought to bruised souls. And the townsman, listening with an amused air, had countered : " Solace? It's the solace of drugs. You take opium."

" But how, brother ? " Bhargava had turned to him with interest.

" You peasants have overmuch religion, overmuch ' divine content '. How would you answer me if I asked you why you had a crop-failure last year ? "

" What misery ! " cried an old peasant, remembering the lean days. " The writing on the brow ", he sighed, lifting a gnarled hand to his forehead.

" That's it ", said the learned one addressing his listeners with a fine self-assurance. " Tell me, why should gay-lived villains sit above you and let money flow like water, while all the time you honest folk have not enough to stop your hunger ? Call this God's justice ? Why does the All-Merciful write one thing on the rich moneylender's brow, another on yours ? Why do your innocent rickety children die before they have lived ? What sort of God is He who has created this sorry scheme of things which brings misery to the good people of the soil, while the evil parasitic ones of so many types thrive and have the best of times ? "

The same old peasant had nodded his head repeatedly. " Karma ! " he had murmured, and proceeded in a halting, clumsy way to explain the traditional outlook (his birthright it was, and the very sheet-anchor of his being). This life on earth is the result of our past deeds. We secure happiness if we have earned it by our good actions in former lives. We suffer, because we were evil-doers. All deeds are recorded by unseen hands, and each bears fruit, sweet or sour. The Life-throb travels through eighty-four thousand lower forms—worm, caterpillar, reptile, four-footed mammal—before it finds shelter in the image of the human form ; and then the image is only that of the low-born. The acquisition of merit continues through many a travail of rebirth, and the human soul toils up the winding stairway of caste. As we sow in one birth, so we reap in another. No deed is ever lost. A peasant has a long rough way to travel. A peasant in misery is washing off in suffering the sins that must follow him from birth to birth. The rich sinner sinks to a future life of a lower, less pleasant order.

" That is, indeed, the philosophy of opium ", the townsman had ans-

wered. "All is pre-ordained. It is good to suffer since, as you say, misery is a kind of expiation, a passport to future happiness. You are too long-sighted. Your eyes are fixed a million years ahead, so that they do not see the immediate. You are drugged with your fatalism."

The pilgrims were bewildered. Bhargava had not spoken yet. Though a Brahmin and a priest, it was not for him, young as he was, to speak, when one end of the thread of debate was held by a hoary-headed man who, even if an illiterate peasant, was a repository of race-experience. In the sudden lull Bhargava found his voice. "Let it be opium, brother", he said. "It is not the kind of opium that hurts. It only makes us happy. We have something to cling to when in misery. And so much of our life is misery."

"Aha! Your faith has only a negative value, then? It is a preventative?"

Bhargava was thinking out his answer to this question when the train pulled up at a wayside station. The townsman read the name on the gas-lit board, excused himself and hastened to alight with his luggage.

The pilgrims left to themselves breathed more freely. Bhargava told a story to explain that their faith was not simply negative. Hundreds of years ago, the saint Sri Chaitanya had come from his far homeland in Bengal to see Jagannath. He beheld, and was intoxicated with the Lord's loveliness. He left the temple and went to bathe in the sea, and in the dark-hued water his beauty-haunted eyes beheld the dark visage of the Lord Himself. He stretched out his arms, he, the strange lover, calling the Lord by fond names. The waves sprang upon him, they caressed him, they rocked him and carried him away. Such is the power of beauty. Yet Jagannath has no beauty of shape or face. His is an unlovely image. Jagannath has made his outward form unlovely, as if to say, "The exterior, the shell, must not count. The within alone shall have value."

Bhargava proceeded to illustrate the value of thought. A man travels to the shrine, sees Jagannath and thinks the image ugly. Moreover, he covets the ornaments of gold and the shining stars of gems. As he gazes, with evil in his heart, lo! the great image is gone! The man rubs his eyes and asks his fellows, "Where may the image be?" They tell him, "Look right in front of you, brother. Jagannath has a shape without proportion, with stumps for hands, so dark, the face blank. The Lord has assumed this form for the sake of common folk who have no outward grace. The Lord says, 'Look beyond!'"

The man who has the pollution of evil in him cries out in fear. "What is the matter with my eyes? I see the black stone throne, the lamps of oil, the canopy, the gold ornaments, but no image, only emptiness!"

Bhargava gestured with a hand as he spoke to his fascinated audience. "You realize the power of thought, brothers? Sri Chaitanya beholds so much beauty that he dies for the joy of it; and this polluted one sees ugliness and then only gold and emptiness!"

Gold! The word rang in the ears

of one listener, Ram Lal, a boy of seventeen years. He sat among the pilgrims, but his garments were not saffron. He was no pilgrim, but a passenger in the train, travelling with one dark motive—theft. The pilgrims, he had reasoned out, must be carrying money. They would be easy prey for his deft hands. Ram Lal was waiting for the night to thicken. Now that the pilgrims had finished their evening meal, they would soon lie down to sleep. Meanwhile, Ram Lal was listening to their talk. He was all ears, and did not miss a word. The pilgrims had touched an adventurous chord in him. He had decided to commit his theft later in the night, shift to another compartment, and follow the party to the city of Jagannath. It would, indeed, be more than mere adventure. He could thus rid himself of the sin of theft that would, otherwise, attach to his *karma*. For Bhargava had said, " The sight of the Lord on the chariot washes away the sins of a lifetime. It is worth more than a thousand dips in the Ganges at Haridwara ! "

" Gold ! " murmured Ram Lal, with a sharp-drawn breath.

An hour went by. The pilgrims stretched themselves on the benches and on the bare floor. Sleepily, they heard the voice of Bhargava: " There is no caste in the Lord's shrine, brothers. All men are equal. The Brahmin and the untouchable sit together in the Market of Joy and eat from the same bowl. The Lord is there not for the Brahmin, aloof in the dignity of learning, not for the devotee, pure-minded, God-conscious, truth-knowing. He is there for the ignorant and the ignoble, for the lowly of spirit, the bruised in body and soul, the polluted, the thief."

Ram Lal started and looked up. Had Bhargava read his secret ? But no, Bhargava lay on the floor-boards with face averted, eyes closed ; it was not long before he, too, was asleep.

Now was Ram Lal's opportunity. He alone was awake. It would be easy enough to rob the pilgrims and flee from detection.

His heart was hammering. Something was hurting him in his inmost depths. He strove to collect his thoughts. Hurry, Ram Lal ! Take what you need. Get off at the next stop. Walk up the train's length and find a seat in the far carriage next to the shiny black engine. Hurry, Ram Lal !

Beneath this stream of conscious thought surged an understream, spurting up through some emotional crevices in fountains of joy. Ram Lal felt rather than visualised the Car Festival. Half a million pilgrims tug at the ropes lengthening out from the wheel-base of an enormous chariot. Their combined strength moves the sixteen-wheeled wooden house inch by inch. Once in a while, the pilgrims pause, lift their eyes to the deity and cry out in sheer ecstasy. Ram Lal felt it. But mingled with this unknown joy was an unknown dread. Ram Lal had no understanding of his strange dread till he rose to carry out his self-imposed task. As he bent over a pilgrim, the suppressed inward wail burst out in a helpless whimper, and Ram Lal cried out : " What if the Lord disappears before my eyes ? What if a hundred million

pilgrims see him, but I see an empty throne ?"

He sat down and wept bitterly. Presently he felt relieved, as though he was rid of a crushing burden within his breast. He felt strangely purified. He sidled up to Bhargava and shook him gently. When Bhargava opened his sleep-laden eyes, Ram Lal asked : "If a man has stolen folk's goods, will he see emptiness where the Lord be ?"

Bhargava stared at him. "A thief may repent, brother, and wash off pollution."

Ram Lal nodded, his boyish eyes shining. He laid himself down and nestled by the Brahmin. "Wash off pollution", he echoed in a whisper, with a happy wistful smile.

BHABANI BHATTACHARYA

THE TEMPTATION TO RESIST EVIL WITH EVIL

The most shameful aspect of our present international situation, I think, is the way we ape the enemies we hate.

They make war ! We make war ! They build vast armaments ! We build vast armaments ! They use poison gas ! We use poison gas ! They say, All restrictions off on the most brutal instincts of mankind ! We say the same, until once more, fighting evil with evil until we are the evil that we fight, far from conquering our enemies we let them make us after their own image.

If we are the apes of our enemies in peace time, in war time we will be apes indeed. Every cruelty they devise we will match. Every devastation they inflict on human beings we will equal. In the end no barbarity will be beneath us.

The boys we bore in travail and reared in love in our homes, schools, and churches will become the yes-men of the enemies we fight, in every dastardly deed they do. They will be compelled to.

And when it is over, in a world where all agree that no one can really win a war, with civilization, it may be, wrecked, with a thousand new problems raised for every one solved and countless hatreds engendered for every one satisfied, I can think of only one factor that still will stand quite unimpaired : namely, the strange man of Galilee whom many call a visionary idealist still asking with infinite sorrow, "How can Satan cast out Satan ?"

Let us take a further step and note that whether or not this principle of Jesus that evil is not to be fought with evil appeals to us, depends primarily on what it is that most of all we want. Do we really want to cast out Satan ?

Do we most of all desire to get rid of the evil of the world ? Multitudes of people want something else altogether—their own prestige, personal or national, their gain and profit, their vengeance even, or their private conquest.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

EARLY MEDICINE IN IRAN AND INDIA

DRUG AND ANTIDOTE (2000 B. C.)

[Dr. H. G. Cimino is a member of the medical profession who is familiar with sixteen languages of the eastern hemisphere including Arabic, Assyrian and Sanskrit. Readers will remember his article on "Pharmacy and Fire Therapy" which appeared in the November 1938 issue of THE ARYAN PATH.—EDS.]

Against disease there's aye a healing herb
But where's the remedy against your remedy?

Vyādhitasya-(A)Ushadham Pat'hyam Nirujastukim Aushadha(h).

One of the oldest *bons mots* in the medical world is contained in the above title; it was quoted by the Brahmins some four thousand years ago.

Nowadays every medical student knows of the deleterious effects of this or that drug, say, a barbiturate; every specialist will wax eloquent over the cumulative effect of some of the digitalic products; it is therefore not the aim of the author to prove the truth of the statement, but to analyse two or three of these old Sanskrit root-words, and to show that they represent the most important medicinal herbs, and some of the foods of the ancients, and that the Sanskrit *Ash* for instance has remained practically unaltered in English after thirty-five centuries.

Take the first double word :—

Vyādhitasya-(A)Ushadham. Literally: "Of disease the remedy ..."; here we have the etymology of the "diseases" of those days, *i.e., ghastly wounds,* for *Vyādhita* (ill, sick) comes from *Vyadh* (to pierce, to wound); the mere sound of the past participle *Vy(a)t* is not unlike the "vight" of our "Zomerzet" yokels.

Aushadham comes from *Aush* and *Ash.* In Sanskrit it designates all manner of herbs and grasses, also trees, including our ash-tree; generally speaking, it means "Drugs", for the drugs of thirty-five centuries ago were simply herbs and leaves.

In Egypt, where the local "Sanskrit" called Hamitic hardly differed from that of India, the same word *As* designated a flower, a plant in general. But in those days one sound had to do for many different objects, mostly correlated.

In this case: *Sh* was the pond with a very simple hieroglyph. It soon indicated the garden (as soon as the Nile-men had laid out their plots), and the hieroglyphs show a distinct improvement, both for the papyrus alphabet and for the later hieratic. The basis of the first of these last two designs shows the "pool" or the pond of a few centuries earlier with the herbs sprouting. The Egyptians went a step further: a truly artistic line now designated the flower, a plant in general, with the sound *As* and so they came as a variety of sounds and signs starting with the water (*Sh*) and the canes or rushes (*A*); the two combined gave the *Ash*, our oldest medical term on earth, when

referring to herbalism.

In India *Ash* meant to eat ; as a noun, "food" ; little they cared in those days whether the food of the manna ash for instance was the leaf, flower, pollen or root : everything was "*Ash*" ; even the tiny lady-bird, scarab or insect which fell off the tree, provided it was eatable.

In the course of time some two dozen designations were added to the primitive root, from *Ashala* and *Ashmana* to the *Ashmantaka,* the tree from which the Brahmins stripped the fibres to make their girdles, to the *Ashvakandika,* the *physalis flexuosa,* the winter cherry ; and the *Ashyakarnaka,* the sal, so dear to every village smith in India. *Ashvakarna* was the best timber tree, and *Ashdan* the typical medicinal herb. Hence the adjectives *Aushana,* pungent, *Ushana,* peppery, and so forth. The simplest sounds, corresponding to the Egyptian *Sh* of pond, were *Ush* and *Ushira,* our "ooze" and "osier".

Time passed ; the jungles of fifty centuries ago changed to the wilderness of the Sudd with its million reeds, up to sixteen feet high. A thousand years later the waters had evaporated and the steppe stretched for endless miles where once the lagoons had mirrored blue skies : yet another thousand years and the deserts spread their dull grey to yellow canopy...and still men spoke of *Ushira* and *Ushara,* but they put the stress on the *end* of the word ; *Ush* or "Ooze" had ceased to be ; there remained only *Shara,* the "Shore", the sandy waste.

And the antidote ? The remedy of the remedy ? It was the *Nī-ru* ; hence our "Rue", the "bitter herb" in both languages.

In the second part of the old Brahminic "saw" we read : *Nirujastukim.*

Kim is "What ?" or *"What is ?"* ; *Tu* means *"but"* ; therefore : "But what is the antidote ?"

If the word *Ash* was used to designate many a plant, this second sound *Ru* had to do for an equal number of objects. As a verb :—

Ru meant : to hurt, to injure ; also to be hurt and to "rue the whole thing".

Ruha was the bent-grass, *panicum dactylon* ; also a millet (compare Kipling's "in the Rukh").

Rukapratikiya was "medicine", and of course also the practice (look at the word !).

Rucaka had to do for many objects : Sodium, Borax, Cassia, a perfume, a vermifuge ; also for the adjectives : sharp, acrid, tonic, stomachic.

These words give us a first hint at a well-defined herbalism ; but the most astonishing results were obtained with poisons, the "potions" of our Middle Ages, the "*Vish*" of our "viscid". It designates a whole group of diseases and the remedies therefor ; it means : to perform (an operation), to overcome (disease), to clothe or to dress (the wound), even to consume or eat food. *Vit, Vid* and *Vitka* were the horrible colics and dysentery of those days... cholera, of course. The mere enumeration of the *Vit, Vid* and *Vish* would fill a handy little manual, and it is too voluminous for an article.

Instruments ? Yes ! they had them too ; thus the forceps were the

Mucuti, but here we step into the realm of surgery. Here we must distinguish—as with herbalism—two stages :—

The earliest in the days of the first invasions when the battle fields were littered with dead and wounded from the Khyber to far-famed Kurukshetra. Cattle-raiding was the favourite pastime from our " *Border* " on the Tyne to 'way south in India ; but here and there the *Kurus,* the natives, put up a stout resistance ; and a battle ensued worth talking about, worth relating perhaps in rhyme and prose, sufficient to form the subject of an epos, say, the *Mahabharata.* How did they staunch the flow of blood in the days of Kurukshetra ?

Simply by applying leaves and binding the whole with rattan fibres, man's earliest cataplasm : result, according to the patient or the climate : either a ghastly running sore, or mummification. Later such gaping wounds were closed with thorns, and the method has remained unaltered with many a tribe. In Somaliland the Berbers (or Babhru, as the Arabs call them) use the spikes of the mimosa ; these are driven into the joined lips of the wound at regular intervals, say, one inch apart, and, marvellous but true, splendid results are achieved in fifty per cent of the cases.

Antisepsis ? Nature's own method; these thorns plucked off the stem in a desert temperature of 120° are as " clean " as if steeped in boiling water. But....why add more ? *Quid multa* ? When all is said and done, we are now where we were four thousand years ago as to drugs. This drug ? That drug ? Wonderful.... wonderful ! but....Hakim Sahib :

There's aye a healing herb
against disease,
But where's the remedy
against your remedy ?

H. G. CIMINO

A conscientious objector quoted these words of Buddha, dating from 500 B.C., to the South-western Tribunal at Bristol yesterday : " He who wishes to attain to the joy of living in harmony with the universe shall deceive no one, entertain no hatred for anybody and no wish to injure through anger."

Judge Wethered described the statement as most interesting, and he was placed on the conscientious objectors' register unconditionally. He was Harold Oliver Phillipson, a Gloucestershire market gardener, who handed in a long written statement. He said that he had been attracted by Oriental philosophy based on the teachings of Buddha for the last four years, though he had not lived in the East. He was educated at the City School, Lincoln.

One of the members of the tribunal asked Phillipson, " They didn't give you any of those ideas there, did they ? "

" A pity they didn't ", Phillipson replied.

The Manchester Guardian, 19th August, 1939.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

INDIAN NATIONALISM *

The admission that Ela Sen's *Testament of India* has greatly depressed me must not be taken as casting any aspersion on India's ambition to free herself from British rule, as expressed in the nineteen essays that go to make up the volume. To me it is as great a paradox that India should be governed by Great Britain as that Great Britain should be governed by China. If the question of "coming out of India" could be decided by an English plebiscite, I should have no hesitation in voting and persuading others to vote in favour of our immediate evacuation. We, the English, are not fit to govern India, because our governing class cannot, and cannot be expected to, understand her. No other nation is fit to govern her. But the reason that Ela Sen's book has depressed me is that it has raised in my mind a question as to whether India is fit to govern herself.

My reason for doubt arises from the fact that I have throughout been confronted by still another version of the political aims that have brought Europe to its present calamitous condition. I have, for instance, seen the Indian problem from one point of view as presenting on a larger scale the unhappy state through which Ireland is still passing. There the little island is split into two by the relatively small differences of religious beliefs that separate Roman Catholicism from Protestantism. And I have been wondering what compromise can ultimately reconcile the very much greater differences between on the one side Hinduism and Buddhism and on the other Mohammedanism, differences that represent the fundamental contrast between a tolerant and an intolerant creed.

Ela Sen necessarily deals with this problem in her essay on Communalism, but all her arguments for Hindu-Muslim unity are based on political advantage, and she lays great stress on the "constant and insidious interference of Britain to safeguard her own power" as an important factor in preventing any near approach to agreement. But presuming that British influence was removed, would a political motive be a sufficient inducement for the Hindu and Muslim peoples to live together in harmony? My only answer to that is to say, "Not if the Hindu and the Muslim religions are living creeds." In England Roman Catholics, Protestants and Nonconformists of many denominations can live peacefully together under a single government because their religious beliefs have so little spirit and vitality. Can the same be said of the beliefs of the Hindu and the Muslim? If it can, the political situation will be saved, and the nation may subsequently be wrecked on the same reef that is responsible for the

* *Testament of India.* By ELA SEN. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

foundering of Europe. For until our politics are the expression of our religious beliefs, the ideal of equal justice can never be attained, either within the state or between different nations ; politics will still derive from class and national self-seeking, and religion will remain a creed divorced from action.

The best that can be hoped, therefore, from Hindu-Muslim unity, is an imitation of our British methods of self-government. Ela Sen in her examination of the " so-called Hindu-Muslim riot in Bihar " has produced the fact that " for centuries the two communities had lived peacefully side by side ", even as Roman Catholics and Nonconformists have done in Great Britain. Here, then, is an intimation that the best we can hope for is something on the British pattern, undertaken in the hope that, given a measure of religious freedom, the worshippers of Allah, though regarding the worshippers of Krishna as infidels, will refrain from insulting them—for political reasons.

We find, also, many references to the need for education throughout the peninsula, but there is not in this book any indication of the trend that education will take. We can assume the usual elements, but what about the teaching of history and religion ? Will the former be degraded, as it has been in all the Western countries, by making it the instrument of national pride ; or will some of the greater minds of India collaborate to write a new history for use in Indian schools, which shall be the story of the developing soul of man in this or that country rather than the stories of wars and conquests and the petty affairs of kings and queens ? For if we are to benefit by the lessons of history as taught in Europe and America, it will be by learning not what we ought to imitate but what we ought to avoid.

And religion ? Is that teaching to follow the precedents of the West and become sectarian ? Or can it be founded on the single truth common to all religions, simply stated as the choice given to mankind between living for the spirit or the flesh ? For all else, including the invention of uncountable gods, is but a question of inducement and method, the inducement almost invariably taking the form of promising the Great Reward without it being earned by a life of fervent devotion, while the method as we know it in the West is little more than a means to maintain civil obedience.

But the decision on all these matters will rest with the party in power, however elected ; and, judging from Ela Sen's essays, there is a great danger that India may be as subject to party factions as England herself, exhibiting on a larger scale the tragic opposition of Capital and Labour, of democracy and socialism. Can we foresee the possibilities of that struggle in a country of 350 million inhabitants, should education be followed by universal suffrage, an almost inevitable sequence ? No. Far rather would I see India under a dictatorship if the dictator were such a man as Mahatma Gandhi, inspired as he is by a purity of motive beyond all criticism.

Coming now to the prime question of Nationalism that dominates the whole of Ela Sen's collection of

essays, how does India propose to avoid the doctrines that have been the curse of modern civilization? She speaks of the preparations for defence necessary to a country surrounded by Fascist Powers—though "surrounded" is hardly the right word in this connection—and adds:—"Defence is not against the ethics of non-violence... Therefore, armies, as well as naval and air defence, must of necessity figure in the programme of reconstructing India." *As one at present suffering under the conditions imposed by the awful fallacy that defence by intensive armament is an instrument for the maintenance of peace, I do most earnestly protest against that statement. It exhibits a reconstructed India following the evil principles of nationalism that are destroying all Western civilizations, to say nothing of China and Japan.* Even some of us in England, a rapidly increasing number I am glad to say, have recognised the evil of this kind of patriotism, keeping before us in its place the ideal of an internationalism that has as its object the approach to universal brotherhood and good will towards all men, of whatever culture, creed or colour.

In conclusion, then, I have been depressed by the thought that India, the birthplace of civilization, is here exhibited not as setting an example to us in Europe but as following the very path that is so surely leading us to destruction. Surely those who have the true welfare of India at heart should profit by the object lesson we have set them, not, indeed, for imitation but for avoidance. If young India has as its aim reconstruction on the Western model, the inevitable result will follow, the same Nemesis will overtake it in due course. How can it be otherwise? Self-seeking and worldly advantage are not the ways of the spirit whether in a nation or an individual.

J. D. BERESFORD

A SCHOLASTIC VIEW OF THE "GITA"*

The highly synthetic nature of the *Gita's* thought has from time to time tempted Western scholars to divide it into parts attributable to different authors and schools, a method of approach which is much easier, if less profitable, than trying to understand it as a whole. Well known among such attempts was that of Garbe, and in this book his pupil Otto carries on the task in an even more elaborate manner. The book contains a translation of what the author believes to have been the "original *Gita*", a translation of the complete work showing the alleged interpolations, glosses and separate doctrinal treatises in different type, with analyses of those treatises, a chapter on yoga and yogins, appendices and copious notes.

The "original *Gita*" is conceived as the work of the epic poet and as an integral part of the original *Mahabharata*. The rest of the work as we know it is analysed into treatises written by Sankhyas, Yogis and Bhaktas with glosses by mythologists, Brahman theologians, and others.

What are the grounds on which so

**The Original Gita.* By RUDOLF OTTO. Translated and edited by J. E. TURNER. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 15*s*.)

drastic a disintegration is attempted? The most definite argument seems to be that in the first two verses of chapter eleven Arjuna states that he has been taught three things, namely, the secret of the Self (*adhyātma*), the production and destruction of beings and Krishna's imperishable "Majesty" (hardly a correct rendering of *mahātmyam*, by the way, but one that is in accord with the Christian preconceptions that are evident throughout the book). The first of these subjects is supposed to have been polished off in II, 11-30; the second in II. 20, 22, 29 and 30 and the third in X, 1-8. Most of the preceding chapters must therefore be discarded as not being what Arjuna himself says he has been taught, and an extension of the same principles will also serve to weed out the later chapters.

Then there are considerations of style. We read of the "verbose flood of general disquisitions" and of the "pompous terms" of a so-called gloss (the first six verses of chapter nine).

Lastly there is the question of consistency. The author is convinced that the theme of the *Gita* is a very simple one. Arjuna, out of pride, wishes to avoid doing what he considers to be wrong, namely, killing relatives and teachers in battle. Krishna teaches him that the soul is immortal and that all beings have been created by a transcendent extra-cosmic God who is therefore the only true judge of what should happen to them. Hence the only true wisdom is to become a tool in God's hand and to leave all questions of right and wrong to him. This last teaching (*nimitta mātra bhava savyasāchin*) is considered by Otto to be the true *charam shloka* of the *Gita*. Everything that in his view is inconsistent with this doctrine of submission to the will of a transcendent God must therefore be an interpolation or an addition.

But what does all this amount to? All these interpolations were, one must suppose, inserted in the *Gita* in order to claim for them the authority of Krishna's name. But how did the "original *Gita*" come to gain such authority? Not simply through Krishna's name, since many other "gitas" have been fathered on him at various times (*e.g., Anu Gita, Uttara Gita* etc.) without gaining a hundredth part of the *Gita's* prestige. One can see no reason whatever why Otto's truncated "original" with its extra-cosmic theism should ever have been recognised as one of the three *prasthānas* of the Vedānta. It is useless to talk of the various interpolated treatises of the *Moksha Dharma*. Neither they nor any of the other *Gitas* attributed to Krishna have enjoyed either the same widespread popular appreciation as the *Bhagawad Gita* or that unique authoritative status that has made it necessary for every new founder of a school to write a commentary on it.

There is only one reason for the *Gita's* unique position. Neither its inclusion in the *Mahābhārata* nor its attribution to Krishna could have given it its prestige in India, where, in the last resort, amidst all the fictions of orthodoxy, a scripture is judged by its spiritual content quite irrespective of the great or small names with which it may be associated. The authority of the *Gita* rests on its essential nature as a book springing from the highest levels of spiritual realization. It is venerated because it has been found by centuries of seekers to be an incomparable practical guide to the inner life and therefore must have been written by some one who had trodden the Path to its end.

Once this is understood the whole question of consistency is seen in a different light. Scholars never seem to understand that the men who wrote such books as the *Gita* were (and are) not of their fraternity. A man who writes from his own spiritual *knowledge* concerns himself only with unity, a very different thing from mere consistency. Such a yogi—and the author of the *Gita* was a yogi, whatever Professor Otto may think—seeks always to show that hidden in the dry wood of all the schools is the Fire of the one Universal Wisdom. He cares nothing for the fact that, *in the hands of the scholastics themselves*, the various systems are in conflict with

one another. The Fire within them all is one and it is with the manifestation of that Fire alone that *his hands* are concerned.

Any one who reads the *Gita* with the inner eye finds none of these alleged inconsistencies. Scholastic Sānkhya may differ from scholastic Yoga and both from scholastic Bhakti, as the oak differs from the fig tree and both from the pine. Yet, on the altar of the *Gita*, as on the altars of the ancient Rishis, twigs from different trees are laid side by side and from them all the selfsame fire springs up. Each verse in the book is in its place and yields its quota of the sacred flame, which, as the work sweeps through its eighteen chapters, swells majestically until it has burnt up the ignorance of the disciple. But for this to happen the *Gita* must be read with the whole being of the reader, not simply with his mind ; still less should it be treated simply as a theme for scholarly and intellectual dissertation.

Not that Professor Otto is not sympathetic and appreciative in his own way. He writes at times very eloquently of the *Gita* as he understands it ; yet one never feels that it is the *Gita* of which he is speaking but rather some book which, from his own standpoint of Christian piety, he would himself have written had he been asked. Even the translation shows marked signs of his personal bias. Thus, *buddhi yoga* is rendered "the cultivation of a mood", *madyoga* (in XII, 2) as "My saving wondrous power", and *yogi yatātmā* becomes (at least in the footnote) "a thoroughly converted pious man"! Even the famous *sarva aharmān parityajya* of XVIII, 66, becomes, feebly enough, "Fret not thyself, therefore, because of all the 'laws'", while the triumph of Arjuna's final exclamation *nashṭo moha smṛitir labdhā*, "Destroyed is my delusion ; Memory is won", with its reminiscences of Vāma Deva and Buddha, of Plato and Plotinus, evaporates entirely in the thin and feeble "perplexity has disappeared. I have gained prudence." Prudence indeed ! Incidentally, in default of Memory, "prudence" might have counselled hesitation before the writing of the chapter on Yoga.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

REALITY AND THE SELF*

Mr. Malkani delightfully turns the tables on Western critics who complain of the visionary excess of Eastern philosophy when he writes in his Preface that while greatly valuing the rationalism and free thought of the West, he is acutely conscious of the barrenness of mere rationalism, and that Indian thought, pursued with religious earnestness and valuing perception of the truth more than rational explanation, "is more practical". Reasoning, as he goes on to say, merely provides us with a means of exposition and of communicating an incommunicable truth, and any philosophical theory of value represents certain personal or spiritual intuitions. We must have some supersensible intuition of reality to begin with and it is upon this experience that reason works and that its problems, if they are to be significant, are based. Otherwise the mind is confined within a closed circle of its own concepts. The infinite which should be the inexhaustible source and centre of all creative activity is shut out. The business, therefore, of philosophy is not "to analyse concepts, but to analyse our experience".

This is Mr. Malkani's own practice, and it is what makes him not only a subtle and acute reasoner but a creative thinker of unusual distinction. His standpoint is not new. It is that of the Advaitic system of thought. But this he has interpreted

**Philosophy of the Self.* By G. R. MALKANI. (The Indian Institute of Philosophy, Amalner. Rs. 2/8)

not only in the manner and with the method of European philosophy but with a personal conviction which makes it entirely his own. We have here, in fact, the highest wisdom of the East translated into the terms of Western philosophic thought and verified in Mr. Malkani's own experience.

He is concerned, as all true metaphysicians must be, with the study of the ultimate ground of reality. This ultimate ground cannot be itself an appearance. In his own words, "it cannot be any kind of objective being. It can only be the true subject. It is on the latter that the appearances can be seen to depend for their being, and not upon a supposed thing-in-itself beyond them. The notion of the latter is unnecessary. It explains nothing. If anything explains the appearances for what they are, it is the subject. The subject makes them, transcends them, and constitutes their only real ground."

Since the Self, therefore, is the ultimate ground of all reality, philosophy is essentially a subjective study, or, as he describes it elsewhere, "a sort of transcendental psychology". Mr. Malkani, however, is not content merely to affirm the subjective basis of truth. He tests it carefully by a consideration of the various philosophic theories which deny it. And all through his book he is continually challenging his intuition with rational argument and confronting the transcendental self with other selves of different grades, whether it be the introspective or the empirical ego. This process, however, only confirms the primacy of the essential self and the truth that it belongs to another order than any self which can be regarded as an object. And to the argument that if it cannot be known objectively it cannot be known at all, Mr. Malkani shrewdly answers that "instead of ourselves mentally approaching the self in order to see what it is, we must let the self approach us, declare itself to us.....We merely let reality speak for itself; and we help this self-revelation of reality by putting right our understanding and eliminating all misconceptions about the nature of the self." Real self-knowledge thus grows out of forgetfulness of the partial ego. It is, in short, as Plato said, recollection, the recovery of a knowledge of Being which at heart we have always possessed, but which has become overlaid by all the outward-going habits of the mind. It is by a basic negation of these habits that we begin to know the absolute Self in its luminous wholeness through being known by it. And such Self-awareness transcends all objective knowledge. It is the Self-enjoyment in which being and non-being, knowledge and innocence are one. It is the bliss of reality.

In establishing this fundamental truth Mr. Malkani is clear, cogent and convincing. Like his Indian predecessors he makes use of the states of wakefulness, dreaming and deep sleep in support of his argument and he has an illuminating chapter on death and immortality. He tends here and there to repeat himself, as in his proof that the true self is independent both of the body and of mental events. But this is due to a determination to leave no weak point in his analysis.

Where, however, he may prove less satisfying to Western readers is in his treatment of the relation of the essential Self to the subject-object dualism which governs the world of appearance. For while admitting his claim that real knowledge cannot have a dualistic structure, being wholly self-revealing and self-consistent, the problem remains as to how the two may be resolved in the One, or, in Blake's words, how the Negations may be destroyed and the Contraries redeemed. It is true that the subject-object distinction does not exist in real knowledge and that we can only know another self in the degree that we know our own self. It is by entering into the universal selfhood that all objects become for us subjects, and their forms cease to be finite barriers and reveal to us the infinite meaning in which we share. Yet the form, truly experienced, is not dissolved into a formless essence. It is a particular expression of the universal selfhood and is truly universal

in the degree that it is particular. This is the paradox of all creation, and, although Mr. Malkani ends by affirming that ultimate reality cannot be other than the person, he tends rather, in arguing the unreality of all objects that are external to us, to deprive all forms of value.

The danger of all subjective idealism is a solipsism, in which the false dualism of subject-object is rather dissolved than resolved. The Advaitic system, truly interpreted, does not countenance this error. And our only criticism of Mr. Malkani's exposition of it is that he might have brought this out more clearly. With what insight, however, he can state the paradox of the self's essential freedom in that world of appearance which for so many to-day is the only world, is well shown in the following passage from his chapter on Self-awareness :—

" It is the very literal truth that we are always in a situation in which we do not know our self while we do, and can, know everything else beside it. We do and can relate other things, but we ourselves in our essential nature stand unrelated. We are always in a situation in which we are, metaphysically speaking, *all alone*. This is the ultimate truth. But we have fallen into the error of thinking that our self is the correlate of the world, and that if we ceased to be related to the world we should cease to be ourselves. We need to realise that even while we find ourselves in the world and related to it, we are not really related. We are not *of* the world. We encompass the world. The world does not limit us. 'It is limited' through us. We know every limitation, give meaning to it, and transcend it. There is nothing that can limit us, nothing that is greater than the Self."

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

INDIA'S PAST*

It was a happy idea of the India Society to plan and publish this record of archæological work ; timely also in view of the forthcoming exhibition of the art of Greater India at Burlington House. The Editor has enlisted the co-operation of twenty-two contributors, fourteen of whom are Indian ; and each describes succinctly the work for which he has been responsible.

The volume begins with a brief history of the Archæological Department by Sir John Marshall, with whom the department's achievements in this century will for ever be associated. The history divides into two periods, the first from 1862 to 1902, the second from the reorganization by Lord Curzon in the latter year. In the earlier period, though General Cunningham showed himself " a truly great pioneer " and published many valuable Reports, the modern science of excavation was unknown, the work was confined to certain parts of India, and the repair of monuments was left to the local governments. Lord Curzon from the first took a large and liberal view of the Government's imperial obligations in this sphere. " It is equally our duty ", he said, " to dig and discover, to classify, reproduce and describe, to copy and decipher, and to cherish and conserve." The programme was immense ; there were always difficulties with finance, and officialdom was not always sympathetic ; but the results achieved in carrying out Lord Curzon's policy with all the limitations in men and funds are quite astonishing in their extent and thoroughness. The Viceroy was fortunate in securing the services of Sir John Marshall as Director ; and Sir John's far-sighted plan for training Indian students to take up archæological work in more and more responsible positions has borne good fruit. Scholarships were created for this purpose.

* *Revealing India's Past*. By TWENTY-TWO AUTHORITIES—BRITISH, INDIAN AND CONTINENTAL. Edited by SIR JOHN CUMMING. (The India Society, London. 25*s*).

British Governments are all too prone to think only in terms of politics and business; but, as a matter of fact, the devoted work given to the preservation of monuments and to the exploration of India's past has been more appreciated by Indians than any of the material benefits of English rule. In answer to the question "What has the Archæological Department done?", an Indian was heard to say: "It has given us our self-respect and increased our national stature."

India is enormously rich in monuments of all kinds, Buddhist, Hindu, Jain, Muslim, etc.; but it has not the good fortune of a dry climate like that of Egypt. It is not only the enormous growth of vegetation which is so destructive, but salts in the soil, the vagaries of great rivers, and earthquakes; and besides these natural forces there has been wholesale destruction by successive invaders. For the work of conservation Science was necessary. A young Indian, specially trained in London, was appointed Archæological Chemist. Side by side with conservation has gone the work of excavation, which resulted in the world-famous discoveries in the Indus Valley, carrying back the civilization of India to an antiquity which had never before been imagined (in M. Foucher's witty phrase, Sir John Marshall "a laissé l'Inde de trois mille ans plus vieille qu'il ne l'avait reçue"), though this is only the most sensational of many important excavations. Epigraphy again has proved an invaluable aid to knowledge, determining for instance the exact place of Buddha's birth, unknown till 1896.

Chapters on Museums and Publications show how much has been done to make the results of these manifold labours accessible to scholars and to the public. Besides British India, the Indian States and Burma have been the scene of the Archæological Department's activities, which include also the expeditions and momentous discoveries in Central Asia of Sir Aurel Stein, described by himself in this volume. A final chapter on "India and the Tourist" is a guide to the principal monuments. There are thirty-three plates.

The whole is a magnificent record which must be a source of pride to Briton and Indian alike.

LAURENCE BINYON

"*Ahunavar*": *Its History, Meaning, Potency and Philosophy.* By FAREDUN K. DADACHANJI.

From trying to expound the inner meaning of "Ahunavar", the book goes on to analyse the quality of that devotion without which, as Vashistha has said, we cannot have the real Guru or the true teachings. The scheme of the earlier pages has not been adhered to, and the main theme has been used in later pages as a background for essays on the virtues.

The book shows a scholarly bent and some intellectualism, but the presentation of the subject lacks the power of lucid exposition. Quotations there are in abundance, and an ethical miscellany, but the work suffers from laboured comments and a lack of synthesis. Allegorical renderings of such aspects as the "creation" are presented without any effort at plumbing the philosophy, and one is left to draw the inference that the reader is invited to take them in the dead letter sense.

The author attempts an interpretation of the Mazdyan Scriptures through a study of the Scriptures of other religions with a freedom rare in orthodox literature. It is the only feature that redeems the book.

J. M. T.

Glimpses of World History. By JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. (Lindsay Drummond, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

These now-famous letters from Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru to his young daughter, written in various prisons in India between 1930 and 1933, have now been revised and brought up to date; and in this one-volume edition they are embellished by fifty maps by J. F. Horrabin. Naturally the chief interest in them attaches to the new matter—the "Postscript" written from the Arabian Sea on November 14th, 1938—for the five years which have elapsed between this and the last letter of the original series have indeed been vital.

They are difficult to survey, and the author has wisely arranged his material under the headings of the various countries in which events are forming history. He sees in the tragedy of Abyssinia an admission to the world that the League of Nations was powerless; in the disaster of Spain (this section was written before Franco's triumph and consequently is not quite up-to-date) something more than a local or national struggle—a thrust against democracy; in the sufferings of China, a manifestation of the same aggressive forces. Of the *Anschluss* with Austria he writes that "Europe was numbed by the Nazi triumph"; and of the Russian attitude to events that "it is remarkable that during all these years and months of intrigues and the breaking of solemn pledges by great powers, Soviet Russia consistently honoured her international obligations, stood for peace and against aggression, and to the last did not desert her ally Czechoslovakia"; of the British Empire that it is "very sick and the political and economic forces working for its disintegration grow stronger"; of colonies that the real "have-nots" are the people of the colonies themselves and that the whole argument about colonies depends on "the continuation of the imperialist system".

On the side of freedom he sees two great countries, Russia and America—who are also, he thinks, the two most powerful nations of the modern world—as well as the rising democracies of India and the East; while in Spain and China there are inspiring examples of the true spirit of democracy.

Pandit Nehru endorses completely, as one would expect, the Communist interpretation of world events; and whether or not the reader also accepts them will depend finally on his own political creed. We are too near to the events—too hopelessly involved in them—to arrive at any conclusion which is based on a dispassionate study of documents. (The documents are not, in any case, available.) Contemporary history has become propaganda and we take our side unswayed by reason. Or we try, desperately, to remain aloof, saying to ourselves and to any one who will listen: "Wait a moment. There is the other point of view. Have you heard it?"

But the Pandit seems to have no doubt and his book will do much to confirm the converted.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Mipam. By LAMA YONGDEN. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

"He, Mipam, who had set foot on the journey towards the land of universal friendship, had abandoned his marvellous journey for the love of a woman. Attachment! Whatever its object may be, sublime or childish, attachment is the source of sorrow!" And again: "Human love affairs count for little in Tibet, and the only stirring adventures on which the heroes admired by the crowd embark are those of a spiritual order."

These two quotations from *Mipam* strike the key-note of a very remarkable novel which, both in its philosophy and its atmosphere, takes one straight back to those pure wind-swept upland pastures threaded here and there by winding tracks frequented by occasional bands of pious pilgrims or more worldly-minded traders who, fearful of

brigands and the omnipresent powers of less tangible evil, try in vain to hurry their shaggy slow-moving yaks. And it takes one back to the land where wars are not known—though they have suffered from aggressive neighbours in the past—and where man's primary object is to free himself from the passions and diversions of this earthly life so that his spirit may develop to its full extent and so obtain the highest possible rebirth in the next life. It is a land where everybody, from cabinet minister to *ragyapa* (an outcast who cuts up the dead bodies), implicitly believes in miracles of all sorts for the excellent reason that they actually happen. The miracle of reincarnation, of man's power over the physical laws of nature, of the inscrutable hand of destiny which shapes our ends, all these are as real to the Tibetan as the frosty stars above him—and scarcely more wonderful.

Mipam, the hero, whose birth, though of humble parents, is attended by marvellous portents, grows up in close contact with the spiritual world and, while still a child, becomes a monk. His love for Dolma, the pretty daughter of a rich Lhasa merchant, leads him to forsake his calling and, at the age of seventeen, to set up on his own as a trader in China. Dolma, when the time comes for her to join Mipam, is prevented by a succession of mysterious events. Mipam, meanwhile, unwillingly following the path of his troubled destiny, finds himself at the remote monastery of Ngarong, away north of the desolate Chang Thang and the frozen waters of the Koko Nor. Here Dolma appears to him in a dream more real than reality and tells him that he is the nineteenth incarnation of the Grand Lama of Ngarong and that she, Dolma, as his wife in a former life, has so far been an obstacle in his path. But on the morrow she will forsake this earthly life so that he, the reincarnation of Mipam Rinchen, may take his place on the throne of Ngarong.

And so the book ends on a note of deep pathos, but not of despair. Man's earthly plans have gone awry, but his spiritual destiny has been fulfilled.

F. SPENCER CHAPMAN

Les Ecrivains Diaboliques de France. By MAXIMILIEN RUDWIN. (Editions Eugène Figuière, Paris. 12 *fr.*)

Mr. Rudwin believes that without the inspiration of a devil of some kind no great achievement in literature could ever have been realized. He has devoted much effort to proving his contention, his erudition having found expression in a number of books. The present volume is consecrated to an analytical consideration of some seventy-seven leading writers of France and presents a short study of each. His research necessitates over twenty-six pages of bibliography.

Throughout he acknowledges the influence of and the support given by the Christian churches to the belief in a personal devil. The examples brought forward make plain the extent to which the devil in one or another form is the patron genius of church theology: its trump card in times of strategic stress; its impregnable stronghold in times of attack. Mr. Rudwin writes as an observer, a third person, who records what he sees but does not commit himself by criticism pro or con.

Mr. Rudwin's book makes its purely literary contribution to books on the devil. Students of literature will find it of value for the references collected from a vast field. They will find, too, more than one hint of the subtle and therefore dangerous influence of blind belief. It is regrettable, however, that he should have failed to point to an answer to the question of the cause of evil, though others' minds may be stirred by his literary efforts to search out the significance of this problem, which is as old as thinking man.

S. C. T.

The Problem of Minorities or Communal Representation in India. By K. B. KRISHNA. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 15*s*.)

"It would seem as if mankind has become weak and effeminate in India, in proportion as they have been subjected ...after each conquest the superstitions and penances of these people have increased", Mr. Krishna quotes Voltaire as having said. This view would seem to express a fundamental trait of Indian history.

Of course, normalcy, in the sense of a return to natural and necessary order, was to a great extent restored in the actual life of the people of India by the constant mixture of various ethnical groups and by the adoption of a common ethic, in spite of the contrarieties of self-interest of different groups.

The Muhammadan conquerors of India mostly settled down on the land, and Islamic custom and belief, at least in the villages, were considerably tinged by Hindu ethics; and as Indians *qua* Indians they did not raise the question of "majorities" and "minorities", as a "linguistic", "racial" or "religious" group breaks down because none of these divisions are mutually exclusive.

Nevertheless the problem of "minorities", in the form of a demand for communal representation in the Legislatures and Public Services, does exist in India to-day, and there is friction between "majorities" and "minorities". Having dismissed the various spurious definitions of "minorities", Mr. Krishna resolves that the causes of friction are more imaginary than real. "This alleged friction", he says, "is a myth", though he does not deny the social significance of the myth and its rôle in contemporary Indian history.

By a very acute and painstaking analysis of this myth the author separates the half-lie of the slogans used by the communalists in India from the truth and justice of the claims of the backward peoples; and with the sanity and poise of a scholar he lifts the whole issue from the irresponsibility of the rostrum to the humane and dignified calm of a scientific and objective discussion, showing it not to be the "unbridgeable" gulf between Hindus and Muhammadans, as Lord Birkenhead described it.

MULK RAJ ANAND

Art and Freedom. By LAURENCE BINYON. The Romanes Lecture, 1939. (Oxford, The Clarendon Press. 2*s*.)

In this quiet and dignified lecture Mr. Binyon contends that great art can exist only when the artist is free to create without interference. Everybody has realised that a totalitarian government chokes art by denying independence to the artist; but it is refreshing to find that Mr. Binyon perceives the danger inherent in a democracy—the danger that works of art may be commissioned and hampered by a committee. He goes so far as to suggest that the arts have received most stimulus from the interest of despots, but of despots, he adds, who cease to be despotic in their treatment of the artist. Among such patrons he mentions Lorenzo de' Medici, Philip the Fourth of Spain, Henry the Third and Charles the First (the English kings), Akbar, Baisunqur and Hui Tsung. He also cites the act of Pope Julius the Second in commissioning Michelangelo to paint the Sistine ceiling.

The gist of his discourse may be represented in his final sentence :—

> The unifying principle of all the arts is what we call rhythm. And rhythm is law and liberty in one. The oldest of the arts is the dance; and in the attitude and motion of a dancer, who embodies invisible law, and who by arduous training and discipline has attained the secret of that law and with it the joy of perfect ease, so I seem to see the radiant image of the Freedom we desire.

CLIFFORD BAX

Outside India. By KHWAJA AHMAD ABBAS. (The Hali Publishing House, "Kitabghar", Delhi. Rs. 2/-)

This is a book of travel—a record of impressions. The author, who is an enterprising young journalist, has given us "rapidly sketched pen-pictures" of his fascinating adventures on a five-month world tour, written in a pleasing style. We must appreciate his candour, his sense of humour and the suavity of his descriptions. He has the courage of his convictions and analyses situations from the view-point of an intelligent observer.

The author is anti-Imperialist, and wherever he has seen signs of Imperialism at work—whether in Japan or Germany or in the land of John Bull—he is bitter in his criticism. He rightly asks: "But does the pavement artist, the crippled ex-soldier, the slum-dweller of the East End or the violinist begging for pennies understand the reality of this empire carried on in their name?"

Mr. Abbas has been severe to the British. What he says is no doubt true, but he has not looked at the other side of the medal. He has not seen the hidden source of power of the Britisher. A race that dominates the world does it by virtue of character. It is a pity that this intelligent writer did not feel the life-force of the British people.

He spent seven days in Hollywood, and found that Hollywood had outgrown geographical boundaries. It was a tradition—an atmosphere. Later he attended the World Youth Congress at Poughkeepsie. He gives an eloquent account of his unforgettable and inspiring experiences.

Mr. Abbas crossed the Atlantic to find war-clouds lowering over the horizon of Europe. He sees the gayest city of Europe in true perspective and finds that Parisians have a Victorian standard of morals. He fittingly describes the League of Nations as "a dead bird in a new cage". His picture of London is "distorted", as Ethel Mannin points out in her Preface. The colour bar and race-prejudice are surely there, but the writer does not realize that this atmosphere is partly created through the follies and faults of our youngsters from India.

The get-up of the book is pleasing and it contains rambling impressions which are to be enjoyed as such.

MATILAL DAS

A History of Sanskrit Literature. By ŚRIMATI AKSHAYA KUMARI DEVI. (V. Krishna Brothers, Calcutta. Re. 1/8)

This compact volume is something more than its title indicates. It is not merely a study in Sanskrit literature from the literary point of view; it is also an appraisal of all the forces that have contributed to the growth of Indian culture and civilization. In a short space the author has covered a wide ground. A study of all the books that have influenced Hindu thought and civilization is rapidly unfolded before the reader's eye. Besides the usual literary estimates of Sanskrit poets and dramatists like Kalidasa, Harsa, Bhavabhuti, Banna, etc., accounts are given of all the six schools of Philosophy, the four Vedas, the Dharmasastras, Arthasastra, Epics and Purans.

The treatment of the literary works and their authors is undertaken in a spirit of perfect detachment. The work is amply documented, and the five neatly arranged chronologies of the Vedic Rishis, the Krita yuga, the Treta yuga, the Dvapara yuga and of the great authors evidences the writer's wealth of scholarship. Better printing and more discrimination in the giving of references would have added to the value of the volume. It serves the need of those who want to have in handy form a complete account of the literature and an exhaustive bibliography of books relating to Indian culture and civilization. The treatment is entirely based on the historical method. The extracts selected from the various literary works are very representative.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

The Trustworthiness of Religious Experience. By D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD, Ph. D. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

Religious experience is individual realization of Deity. It cannot be explained in terms of science. Dr. Elton Trueblood in this Swarthmore Lecture for 1939 offers spiritual food for all inquiring minds.

Religion is a necessity for man, whether the individual be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a Hindu or a Muslim. The religious experience confers real knowledge " when the chasm which separates the knower and the known is somehow bridged so that we have veridical information about that which is the object of knowing ". While Dr. Trueblood himself accepts the existence of God as a distinct being, he admits that " whether God is personal is a question of theory on which men are divided ". He maintains, however, that " the essentially personal nature of the *relationship to God* is a matter of experience on which they are united ". This will be unacceptable to a long line of Oriental mystics of very great knowledge.

The author enumerates outstanding examples of Christian religious experience and develops the subject logically. The religious experience is claimed to meet the fundamental and indeed the only test of objectivity, the test of agreement on the absolute and compelling quality of the realization of God's presence ; on the accompanying self-depreciation ; and on the consequent moral regeneration. In religious experience, which is subjective, we cannot look for a mark on the experiencer as on a photographic plate, but we can reasonably look for a change in his character and in his life.

As the author is concerned solely with the religious experience of Christians, he makes only a passing reference to other religions, but he deplores the idea that Christianity alone among religions is of divine origin. This little book of less than a hundred pages is an excellent lecture on man's realization of God.

R. B. PINGLAY

The Vision of Asia : An Interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture. By L. CRANMER-BYNG. (John Murray, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The appearance of a new edition of Mr. Cranmer-Byng's delightful interpretation of Chinese culture is indeed a welcome event. The book was first published in May 1932, and was reviewed at length by Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset in THE ARYAN PATH for February 1933. As Mr. Cranmer-Byng points out in a note to the Preface, much has happened in the last seven years to change the face of the world. But the essential message of the book is as vital as it was then, if not more so. It is devoted chiefly to a picture of the Golden Age in Chinese life and culture which coincided with the T'ang and Sung dynasties (A.D. 618-1279). But in the process of interpreting the ideals of this great flowering time, Mr. Cranmer-Byng goes deeper and interprets too the Art of Life. Man, he says, " in the process of creation... becomes an artist, and his contribution is himself ". In the present age of material progress, the Art of Life is neglected. " The whole tragedy of the West lies in the fact that it has been deprived of its season of ripeness, the quiet beauty of many-coloured change and the brooding hush, essential close time for reflection, that precedes the storm." The contemplation of an age of ripeness and maturity may to some extent compensate for what has never been experienced, and some may find in the vision that Mr. Cranmer-Byng presents a glimpse of that art of living that " consists not merely in the ability to see the flame but to bear the flame, to liberate and let it pass from us into a future beyond our day ".

B. J. S.

Jesus—A Biography. By Hugh J. SCHONFIELD. (Duckworth, London. 8*s*. 6*d*.)

It would be a pity if some of the chapter titles of this deeply interesting and finely written book should appeal to the orthodox rather than to those who have rejected Jesus in rejecting theology. Every Rationalist and every Theosophist ought to read it ; it might modify the attitude of the Rationalist, if extreme, and it should delight the Theosophist. The student will know how to consider such statements as Jesus " could see no virtue in esotericism ". Esotericism lies not in the grudging of the Teacher but in the incapacity of the disciple. Jesus recognised that.

The " Prologue in Galilee " gives much research in a brief way, and the skilful blending of canonical with uncanonical story allows unusual facets of the Hebrew Yogi to appear. We see, with Paul, a Captain of Salvation, " made perfect through suffering ". I doubt if Mary the Mother misunderstood her exalted Son, as the author suggests. And I feel a little indignant that Mary of Magdala should be presented as a prostitute. She was probably a high-powered " medium " and so a " sinner " in Israel. A disinclination to acknowledge occult powers leads the author to offer a " cooked " version of the story of the Samaritan woman and to slide past the " Resurrection ". There is an acceptance of the Crucifixion as a physical event, and the expression : " Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani " is not given the possible translation which Aramaic scholars now offer and which H. P. Blavatsky suggested years ago. When Jesus said : " Why call ye me good ? There is none good but God "—was He not suggesting that the real Goodness in man is in God-realization ? Much has been done to demolish the unique divinity of Jesus ; we may now have to demolish the attempt to make Him simply human. But to read the book is to appreciate the greater part of it.

E. V. HAYES

SHINTO MORALITY

In the review of *The Rise of a Pagan State* which appeared in your September number, the reviewer, referring to the Imperial Rescript to the Army and Navy, says : " Presumably this Rescript is based on Shinto morality." But that is just what it is not. That great scholar the late Professor B. H. Chamberlain said thirty-five years ago : " Some private scholars ... have recently attempted to infuse new life into Shinto by decking it out in ethical and theological plumes borrowed from abroad." He refers elsewhere to its borrowings from Buddhism. The learned Dr. Anesaki, writing more recently, finds borrowings from Christianity. The late Dr. Nitobe confessed that there was nothing in historic Shinto worth calling a religion at all. The Rescript was a product of the latter part of the nineteenth century. It falsifies history very badly, and as the *Kojiki*—the great source-book of Shinto lore—does the same, perhaps in that respect it has a Shinto basis. Your reviewer's quotation from *The Daily Telegraph*, " Brains and ability are slowly conquering militarism in Japan ", seemed true in 1930, but the reaction since then has been so complete that one cannot say it to-day, except in the sense that good will ultimately triumph everywhere. What is happening in China does not look like a triumph of brains and ability or of any sort of morality.

Cowley, Oxford. A. MORGAN YOUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

AN OPEN LETTER TO GANDHIJI

THE CASE OF GERMAN JEWS

[Readers of *Harijan* are familiar with the views of Gandhiji upon the attitude the Jews of Germany should hold towards their Nazi persecutors. Below we print a letter written before war was declared. The writer, **Dr. David Baumgardt**, was formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Berlin and Honorary Research Fellow and Visiting Professor of the University of Birmingham. At present he is Professor at Pendle Hill College, (Pennsylvania, U. S. A.)—EDS.]

Dear Mr. Gandhi,

I have no other right to address you than that of an unknown disappointed lover, the least welcome type of correspondent. Accordingly I do not hope for an answer to my epistle, much less for agreement. Certainly, it is not as a former Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Berlin that I write to you ; I write because I must speak out, though my coreligionists, Buber and Magnes, have already spoken. I shall refer to your later statements.

You tell us that you only know of Jews who hate Hitler and wish for the destruction of Germany by war. Is it really surprising that this should be the reaction of the average Jew ? I am inclined to think that such would be the reaction of the average Indian also, had he experienced a German concentration camp, and if the English had not allowed him to be led by you. I myself have perceived, and recently, hatred against England in the eyes of Indians.

However, I can bear witness to the fact that within my own rather wide circle of friends there is not one who cherishes the feelings of which you are speaking. Suffering has not obscured their judgment as to Hitler's gifts : they consider him a most courageous soldier, a first-rate organiser, and, so far, the most cunning politician of his age. But at the same time they are convinced that he is gravely pathological, one of the numerous madmen who have made history ; and society must be freed from such leaders. Still many Nazis would regret his assassination far less than we. Not one of my friends would be willing or capable to injure Hitler in body, were he delivered into his hands. I, for one, never wished his death ; I do wish to see him cured and a proper use made of his courage, say as a pole-explorer or the like. This attitude alone is in accordance with our tradition. (See Ezekiel 18, 23 : Have I any pleasure that the wicked should die ? Saith the Lord : and not that he should return from his ways, and live ? And Leviticus 19, 2 : Ye shall be holy : for I the Lord your God am holy.)

I know, of course, that Hitler would be indignant or laugh at my "Jewish" weakness and obtrusiveness, when I say that I love him even in his present state—as I love a tiger; nay, I love him more than I do wild

beasts, because there is the hope of his being cured of his bestiality. But unshakable as this love is in me, equally profound is my conviction that I ought never to love this most cruel barbarian in his wickedness *qua* human being—the man who has slaughtered in one night hundreds of his most intimate friends (to whom he owes his whole career), the man who enjoys day by day the refined tortures of tens of thousands of Jews and Socialists, the man who bombarded defenceless Almeria. And is it hatred, if a father or friend temporarily withholds the expression of his love towards his criminal son or criminal friend ?

We have no faith or not sufficient faith in Satyagraha, you say (*Harijan,* February 18, 1939 : " No Apology "). If we had, you think, we would have been able to " melt " the heart of Hitler and to attain happiness instead of mere martyrdom. It seems to me, and I say it with hesitancy, that the great teacher of Satyagraha who would want to see his principles thus applied, lives in a grave confusion of religious feelings ; and we would be bad pupils, were we to remain silent on this point.

Does the belief in Satyagraha necessarily imply the belief in its production of the greatest possible happiness ? If so, then Satyagraha is a kind of hedonism ; and I hasten to add that to my mind a consistent hedonism is a far profounder teaching than has hitherto been admitted. The Satyagraha you are recommending to the Jews, however, is a highly inconsistent hedonism and of a rather dubious religious order. You admonish us to believe that suffering in the spirit of non-violence must necessarily lead to the mundane happiness of the victims and to a greater worldly happiness than violent resistance could bring them. This neither agrees with the teachings of history nor can I see in it a mark of great religious faith.

The sufferings of thousands of Jewish and of non-Jewish martyrs throughout history—and even the crucifixion of Christ—have not brought worldly happiness to the individual or the group. Wherever Christianity has brought about worldly success, it was through secular institutions, through the organised church, the Papacy or through the economic and political power of nonconformist groups. Therefore I would consider the point of view of *The New Statesman,* which you repudiate, more profound religiously in this respect, even as it is more correct historically. If we do not wish to delude ourselves with day-dreaming, we must concede that the sufferings of Christ and of thousands of martyrs have not terminated in mundane happiness, but in horror. The only happiness for the martyr is his certitude that the happiness even of those criminals who rule the world is a lesser happiness than his torments, and that he would not exchange his real suffering for the real happiness of the Hitlers of this world.

Yet I believe, as a Jew, that this sole solace of the martyr does not justify any premature faith in the successful outcome of his just cause. As a Jew I have the feeling that our world this day is unredeemed and that it will remain unredeemed, un-

less those righteous men who still live in freedom will help to free the victim from the claws of his oppressor and "break every yoke". The reign of absolute love in which we believe with you and our Christian friends cannot come before the demands of justice and human solidarity are met. There is much suffering which man cannot eradicate at present and perhaps will never be able to eradicate. It would be foolish and irreligious to deny this. But the cruelties perpetrated by our fascists could have been checked long ago, had mankind insisted on a greater justice for all, and if—forgive this frankness—such leaders as yourself would not content themselves with dispensing inadequate advice from the outside, but would make our cause yours, as we make your cause our own.

From the counsel, however, which you are offering to the German Jews and the German Socialists, I fear two unhappy consequences may ensue: in Europe a flight from a realistic peaceful settlement of conflicts which is still possible by concessions to the "have-nots", coupled with general disarmament and the reintroduction of democracy in Dictator-countries. In India, I am afraid, Indians may indulge in the "pharisaic" pride that they possess a deeper religious faith than German Jews or Socialists, that this alone is the source of their success, and that they owe nothing to the relatively more favourable conditions in which they are placed. I wish from my heart that Indians may never have to fight against fascists of the type of a Hitler, and that they may always be a majority of some three hundred millions of people, and not a tiny minority as are the German Jews, even if counted together with the German Socialists.

But here I shall stop. For I know we human beings are given to error: perhaps we severally—Buber, Magnes and I—have misunderstood you. And even if we are right and you are wrong—more, even if you have unwittingly hurt those of our deepest feelings which were nurtured by the experience of two thousand years of suffering—I would not cease to love and admire you. Of late you have also been made very present to me through Woodbrooke and through my friends Stephen Hobhouse, Carl Heath and Krishna M. Pardhy. Though forced to speak as I do, I cannot forget for an instant that you are of the very few men of our time, indeed of the few of all times, towards whom no suspension of love and veneration is warrantable.

It is said that we are an obstinate, stiff-necked nation; and we do indeed have many failings, as have other peoples. But there may be no hearts that are more ready to be moved by you than are ours.

DAVID BAUMGARDT

Wallingford,
Pennsylvania.
13th August 1939.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

The gory ghastliness of 1914-1918 was described as the war that would end all wars. Only twenty years have gone and Europe is in the throes of another bloody war, and the period 1919-1939 certainly cannot be described as one of peace and prosperity ! A dozen wars and more have unsettled the peace that was established at Versailles—but established on a wrong principle for it disregarded the moral law implicit in the saying of Gotama Buddha, " Hatred ceaseth not by hatred but by love." At the very inception of the League of Nations only a few saw the blunders which were being committed, the seeds of future wars which were being sown. As early as 1921 this was written by a son of India :—

There is a tendency to perpetuate the hate-emotion of effete Nationalism, and that strikes at the very root of the new plant. The foundations of the International State cannot be nationalistic. The so-called victorious peoples want to lay the foundations of the new Race of international proportions in terms of their own nationalistic ideas. They forget that those who stand for such views are the defeated in every nation. The Kaiser and his Prussian Junkers are defeated, but those who are now building New Germany on international plans are the victors. On the other hand some of those men in Britain and France who " won the war ", are now making their countries lose the true victories. What is necessary, therefore, is to estimate the victories and defeats of the war differently ; let it be done in the coin of Internationalism, and not in the broken currency of Nations.

An aristocracy of nobility cannot flower from the seeds of egotism and arrogance, fed by the waters of vanity and the atmosphere of assumed superiority. Let us start by putting away the false notions of victors and vanquished. All Europe is vanquished : Europe which boasted of its Christian instincts and showed itself obsessed by " madness risen from hell ", to quote Swinburne's words. What animal passion has it not shown ? *All of us* are vanquished inasmuch as our Race has failed to fight humanely, chivalrously, or honestly—nay, failed inasmuch as we have thought it necessary to fly at each others' throats. But all of us are victors too. Are not the Russian Revolutionaries who carried out the commands of Asquith, Clemenceau and Lloyd George, to fight to a finish the forces of autocracy ? Is not Germany a victor whose Kaiser fled and whose Junkers are humbled ? Is not the Czar the Great Victor who made himself the embodiment of the evil autocracy of his state ? Therefore, in a spirit of humility, remembering that not a single nation is altogether free of the crimes it condemns in other nations, and that not one single nation is devoid of fine qualities, let us come together for the common good of all. Let us change the League of Nations to suit the true ideals of spiritual Internationalism and let us begin by forgiving the blunders of others, and praying for the forgiving of our own sins. Every nation of Europe has sinned and is sinned against, and the forgiveness must be mutual ; if not, European humanity in this season of sowing will put underground the seeds of self-pride and others' chastisement and reap once again the deadly poison-plant of War. Let us not live in the sphere of make-believe. Every one in Europe is humbled, and if European humanity will not acknowledge it to-day, Nature will be compelled to take severer measures tomorrow.

And now Europe is reaping the whirlwind. The sin of self-aggrandisement has been committed by Britain

and Germany, by France and Russia, by Italy and Spain and by Japan, who has unwisely copied her European teachers.

Though late in their manifestation at last now we behold some auspicious omens. These are voices from every quarter of the world which strike the note of self-examination, of casting the beam out of one's own eye instead of talking about the mote in the eye of another. Dr. Fosdick in his pamphlet *Dare We Break the Vicious Circle?* from which we extract on p. 542, takes to task his own government, that of the U. S. A., for adopting the ways of dictatorships. *The Saturday Evening Post*, whose extensive circulation and widespread influence has won for it the designation "an American institution", in its editorial of 12th August entitled "The Crisis Is Moral" demands :—

> Which of the great nations, in the name of expediency, policy, destiny, or what else, has not repudiated its word, broken a treaty, looted a neighbour or defrauded its creditors? Which is that one whose seal on a piece of paper may be implicitly trusted? Which is that one that can say it has not forsaken its obligations when to keep them was hard? Which is the one that can say it has not been guilty of acts that, on the part of an individual, would be reprehensible, immoral, criminal and punishable?

The editorial then proceeds to examine not the faults of other nations but primarily those of the U. S. A.

Similarly Englishmen like John S. Hoyland and Stephen Hobhouse castigate their own country for its attitude, its "sin" and its "unclean hands" in the volume *Mahatma Gandhi* on which our editorial in this number is based. And Llewelyn Powys adds his voice in these words :—

> If Gandhi's inspired gentleness gives to us English contrite and broken hearts for the horrible atrocity—"a monstrous progeny of a monstrous war"—committed by General Dyer at Amritsar, he will have done a most valuable service for our native land. He will have proved once again that FEAR does not rule the world and that there is a power greater than the bloody triumph of the sword....
>
> How can we suffer the good name of our island race to be dragged down, down to the dust, "through the brute and boist'rous force of violent men!" Gandhi, with the eyeballs of the God Siva, sees through the frivolity of our Western culture, with its confidence in machines, with its lust for gold, with its lust for power, with its thoughtless acceptance of life's more trivial and more obvious values; with its reciprocity with nature acquired through killing innocent wild creatures—a culture that knows nothing of meditation, a culture that prompts us to reduce to the level of the humdrum all the poetry that surrounds us, common as the grass of the field.

A philosopher like Sir S. Radhakrishnan has anticipated the mind of political India, for in his introduction to this book he shows how "Self-government for India is the acid test of British honesty". India too must examine her own attitude and prepare herself to deliver her message of the One Impartite Spirit for the healing of the nations wounded not so much by bombs and by bullets as by ambition, greed and selfishness.